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Home Weekly

FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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JUNE ROSES.

BY ELEN E. HEMFORD.

There's a gleam of red in the garden,
And a breath of balm on the breeze,
And I know that the sweet June roses
Are blossoming under the trees.
Of all the flowers of the summer
None are so sweet as these.
But there comes a pain with the fragrance
Out of the heart of the rose;
A memory, tender with sorrow,
Of one who no sorrow knows.
Who walked with me, only last summer,
And gave me a red June rose.
And she gave me her heart with the flower.
Oh, never a flower that blows
Is sweeter to the heart of my darling,
That she gave me with a rose.
Darling, the blossoms have faded,
But your heart no fading knows!
I bend o'er these royal blossoms,
A-swing by the garden wall,
And my heart is afloat in my bosom
As if it heard your call.
Where are you, oh, my darling,
Sweetest June rose of all?
Oh, my love! like a summer blossom
You died—as these roses will.
Died, but the heart you gave me
I hold in my keeping still.
I shall keep it forever and ever;
Mine through all good and ill!
But I fancy each fallen blossom
Will come back in the June of Heaven,
And the hopes that died with the roses,
Like the hopes of so many men,
Will come back in the June of Heaven,
And then, oh, my darling—then!

LA MASQUE, The Vailed Sorceress; OR, THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN. A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINIE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE COURT PAGE.

The search was given over at last in despair, and the doctor took his hat and disappeared. Sir Norman and Ormiston stopped in the lower hall and looked at each other in mute amazement. "What can it all mean?" asked Ormiston, appealing more to society at large than to his bewildered companion. "I haven't the faintest idea," said Sir Norman, distractedly; "only I am pretty certain, if I don't find her, I shall do something so desperate that the plague will be a trifle compared to it!" "It seems almost impossible that she can have been carried off—doesn't it?" "If she has!" exclaimed Sir Norman, "and I find out the abductor, he won't have a whole bone in his body two minutes after!" "And yet more impossible that she can have gone of herself," pursued Ormiston, with the air of one entering upon an abstruse subject, and taking no heed whatever of his companion's marginal notes. "Done of herself! Is the man crazy?" inquired Sir Norman, with a stare. "Fifteen minutes before we left her dead, or in a dead swoon, which is all the same in Greek, and yet he talks of her getting up and going off herself!" "In fact, the court page was to get at the bottom of the mystery," said Ormiston, "is to go in search of her. Sleeping, I suppose, is out of the question." "Of course it is! I shall never sleep again till I find her!" They passed out, and Sir Norman this time took the precaution of turning the key, thereby fulfilling the charge of locking the stable door when the steed was stolen. The night had grown darker and hotter, and as they walked along the clock of St. Paul's tolled nine. "And now, where shall we go?" inquired Sir Norman, as they rapidly hurried on. "I should recommend visiting the house where we found her first; if not there, then we can try the post-house." Sir Norman shuddered. "Heaven forefend she should be there! It is the most mysterious of all mysteries. I have half a mind to apply to your friend, La Masque, again." "The wisest thing you could do, my dear fellow. If any one knows your unfortunate beloved's whereabouts, it is La Masque, depend upon it." "That's settled, then; and now, don't talk, for conversation at this smart pace I don't admire." Ormiston, like the amiable, obedient roystering man that he was, instantly held his tongue, and they strode along at a breathless pace. There was an unusual concourse of men abroad that night, watching the gloomy face of the sky, and waiting the hour of midnight to kindle the myriad of fires; and as the two tall, dark figures went rapidly by, all supposed it to be a case of life or death. In the eyes of one of the party, perhaps it was, and neither halted till they came once more in sight of the house, whence a short time previously they had carried the death-cold bride. A row of windows over the door-ports shone a yellow, uncertain light around, while the lights of barges and wharves were down like stars along the river. "There is the house," cried Ormiston, and both paused to take breath; "and I am about at the last gasp. I wonder if your pretty mistress would feel grateful if she knew what I have come through to-night for her sweet sake?" "There are no lights," said Sir Norman, glancing anxiously up at the darkened front of the house; even the link before the door is unlit. Surely she can not be there." "That remains to be seen, though I'm very doubtful about it, myself. Ah! who have we here?" The door of the house in question opened, as he spoke, and a figure—a man's figure, wearing a slouched hat and long, dark cloak, came slowly out. He stopped before the house and looked at it long and earnestly; and, by the twinkling light of the lamps, the friends saw enough of him to know he was young and distinguished-looking. "I should not wonder in the least if that were the bridegroom," whispered Ormiston, maliciously. Sir Norman turned pale with jealousy, and laid his hand on his sword, with a quick and natural impulse to make the bride a widow forthwith. But he checked the desire for an instant, as the brigand-like-looking gentleman, after a prolonged stare at the premises, stepped up to the watchman, who had given them their information an hour or two before, and who was still at his post. The friends could not be seen, they could hear, and they did so, very earnestly indeed.



"So, Sir Knight—for such I perceive you are—you are anxious to know something of that old ruin yonder?"

"Can you tell me, my friend," began the cloaked unknown, "what has become of the people residing in yonder house?" The watchman held his lamp up to the face of the interloper—a handsome face by the way, that could be seen of it—and indulged himself in a prolonged survey. "Well!" said the gentleman, impatiently, "have you no longer, fellow? Where are they, I say?" "Blessed if I know," said the watchman, "I wasn't set here to keep guard over them, was I? It looks like it, though," said the man, in parenthesis; "for this makes twice to-night I've been asked questions about it." "Ah!" said the gentleman, with a slight start. "Who asked you before, pray?" "Two young gentlemen; lords, I expect, by their dress. Somebody ran screaming out of the house, and they wanted to know what was wrong." "Well!" said the stranger, breathlessly, "and then?" "And then, as I couldn't tell them, they went in to see for themselves, and shortly after came out with a body wrapped in a sheet, which they put in a post-cart going by, and had it buried, I suppose, with the rest in the plague-pit." The stranger fairly staggered back, and caught at a pillar near for support. For nearly ten minutes he stood perfectly motionless, and then, without a word, started up and went rapidly away. The friends looked after him curiously till he was out of sight. "So she is not there," said Ormiston; "and our mysterious friend in the cloak is as much at a loss as we are ourselves. Where shall we go next—to La Masque or the post-house?" "To La Masque—I hate the idea of the post-house!" "She may be there, nevertheless; and, under present circumstances, it is the best place for her." "Don't talk of it!" said Sir Norman, impatiently. "I do not and will not believe she is there. If the sorceress shows her to me in the cauldron again I verily believe I shall jump in headforemost." "And I verily believe we will not find La Masque at home. She wanders through the streets at all hours, but particularly affects the night." "The house of the sorceress was but a short distance from that of Sir Norman's plague-stricken lady-love; and, shod with a sort of seven-league boots, she might easily have reached it. Like the other, it was all dark and deserted." "This is the house," said Ormiston, looking at it doubtfully, "but where is La Masque?" "Here!" said a silvery voice at his elbow; and, turning round, they saw a tall, slender figure, cloaked, hooded and masked. "Surely, you two do not want me to go with you?" Both gentlemen doffed their plumed hats, and simultaneously bowed. "Fortune favors us," said Sir Norman. "Yes, madam, it is even so; once again to-night we would tax your skill." "Well, what do you wish to know?" "Madam, we are in the street." "Sir, I'm aware of that. Pray proceed." "Will you not have the goodness to permit us to enter?" said Sir Norman, inclined to feel offended. "How can you tell us what we wish to know, here?" "That is my secret," said the sweet voice. "Probably Sir Norman Kingsley wishes to know something of the fair lady I showed him some time ago." "Madam, you've guessed it. It is for that purpose I have sought you now." "Then you have seen her already?" "I have." "And love her?" "With all my heart." "A rapid flame," said the musical voice, in a tone that had just a thought of sarcasm, "for one of whose very existence you did not dream two hours ago." "Madame La Masque," said Sir Norman, flushed and haughty, "love is not a question of time." "Sir Norman Kingsley," said the lady, somewhat sadly, "I am aware of that. Tell me what you wish to know, and if it be in my power, you shall know it." "A thousand thanks! Tell me, then, is she whom I seek living or dead?" "She is alive." "She has the plague?" said Sir Norman. "I know it." "Will she recover?" "She will." "Where is she now?" "La Masque hesitated and seemed uncertain whether or not to reply. Sir Norman passionately broke in: "Tell me, madam, for I must know!" "Then you shall; but, remember, if you get into danger, you must not blame me." "Blame you! No, I think I would hardly do that. Where am I to seek for her?"

"Two miles from London, beyond Newgate," said the man, "there stands the ruins of what was long ago a hunting-lodge, now a crumbling skeleton, roofless and windowless, and said, by rumor, to be haunted. Perhaps you have seen or heard of it?" "I have seen it a hundred times," broke in Sir Norman. "Surely, you do not mean to say she is there?" "Go there, and you will see. Go there to-night, and lose no time—that is, supposing you can procure a license." "I have one already. I have a pass from the lord mayor to come and go from the city when I please." "Good! Then you'll go to-night?" "I will go. I might as well do that as anything else, I suppose; but it is quite impossible," said Sir Norman, firmly, not to say obstinately, "that she can be there." "Very well—you'll see. You had better go on horseback, if you desire to be back in time to witness the illumination." "I don't particularly desire to see the illumination, as I know of; but I will ride, nevertheless. What shall I do when I get there?" "You will enter the ruins, and go on till you discover a spiral staircase leading to what was once the vaults. The flags of these vaults are loose from age, and if you should desire to remove any of them you will probably not find it an impossibility." "Why should I desire to remove them?" asked Sir Norman, who felt dubious, and disappointed, and inclined to be dogmatical. "Why, you may see a glimmering of light—hear strange noises; and, if you remove the stones, may possibly see strange sights. As I told you before, it is rumored to be haunted, which is true enough, though not in the way they suspect; and so the fools and the common herd stay away." "And if I am discovered peeping like a rascally valet, what will be the consequences?" "Very unpleasant ones to you; but you need not be discovered if you take care. Ah! Look there!" She pointed to the river, and both her companions looked. A large gaily painted and decorated, with a light in prow and stern, came gliding up among less pretentious craft, and stopped at the foot of a flight of stairs leading to the bridge. It contained four persons—the oarsman, two cavaliers sitting in the stern, and a lad in the rich livery of a court-page in the act of springing out. Nothing very wonderful, Sir Norman and Ormiston looked at her for an explanation. "Do you know those two gentlemen?" she asked. "Certainly," replied Sir Norman, promptly; "one is the Duke of York, the other the Earl of Rochester." "And that page, to which of them does he belong?" "The page!" said Sir Norman, with a stare, as he leaned forward to look; "pray, madam, what has the page to do with it?" "The two peers had ascended the stairs, and were already on the bridge. The page loitered behind, talking, as it seemed, to the waterman." "He wears the livery of the Earl of Rochester," said Ormiston, speaking for the first time, "but I cannot see his face." "He will follow presently, and be sure you see it then! Possibly you may not find it entirely new to you." She drew back into the shadow as she spoke; and the two nobles, as they advanced, talking earnestly, beheld Sir Norman and Ormiston. Both raised their hats with a look of recognition, and the salute was courteously returned. "Good-night, gentlemen," said Lord Rochester; "a hot evening, is it not? Have you come here to witness the illumination?" "Hardly," said Sir Norman; "we have come for a very different purpose, my lord." "The fires will have one good effect," said Ormiston, laughing; "if they clear the air and drive away this stifling atmosphere." "Pray God they drive away the plague!" said the Duke of York, as he and his companion passed from view.

The page sprung up the stairs after them, humming, as he came, one of his master's love-ditties—songs, said tradition, savoring anything but the odor of sanctity. With the warning of La Masque fresh in their minds, both looked at him earnestly. His gay livery was that of Lord Rochester, and became his graceful figure well, as he marched along with a jaunty swagger, one hand on his side, and the other toying with a beautiful little spaniel that frisked in open violation of the lord mayor's orders, commanding all dogs, great and small, to be put to death as propagators of the pestilence. In passing, the lad turned his face toward them for a moment a bright, sunny, handsome face it was—and the next instant he went round an angle and disappeared. Ormiston suppressed an oath. Sir Norman stifled a cry of amazement—for both recognized that beautiful, colorless face, those perfect features, and great, black, lustrous eyes. It was the face of the lady they had saved from the plague-pit. "Am I sane or mad?" inquired Sir Norman, looking helplessly about him for information. "Surely that is the face we are in search of," said Ormiston. "It certainly is!" said Ormiston. "Where are the wonders of this night to end?" "Satan and La Masque only know; for they both seem to have united to drive me mad. Where is she?" "Where, indeed?" said Ormiston; "where is last year's snow?" "Ah! Sir Norman, looking round at the spot where she had stood a moment before, found that she, too, had disappeared." CHAPTER IV. THE STRANGER. THE two friends looked at each other in impressive silence for a moment, and spoke never a word. Not that they were astonished—they were long past the power of that emotion; and if a cloud had dropped from the sky at their feet, they would probably have looked at it passively, and vaguely wondered if the rest would follow. Sir Norman, especially, had sunk into a state of mind that words are faint and feeble to describe. Ormiston, not being quite so far gone, was the first to open his lips. "Upon my honor, Sir Norman, this is the most astonishing thing I ever heard of. That certainly was the face of the dead bride! What, then, in the name of all the gods, can it mean, I wonder?" "I have given up wondering," said Sir Norman, in the same helpless tone. "And if the earth was to open and swallow London up, I should not be the least surprised. One thing is certain: the lady we are seeking and that page are one and the same." "And yet La Masque told you that she was two miles from the city, in the haunted ruin; and La Masque most assuredly knows." "Have no doubt she is there. I shall not be the least astonished if I find her in every street between this and Newgate." "Really, it is a most singular affair! First you see her in the magic cauldron; then we find her dead; then, when within an ace of being buried, she comes to life; then we leave her lifeless as a marble statue, shut up in your room, and fifteen minutes after, she vanishes as mysteriously as a fairy in a nursery legend. And, lastly, she turns up in the shape of a court-page, and swaggers along London Bridge at this hour of the night, chanting a love-song. Faith! it would puzzle the sphinx herself to read this riddle. I've a notion!" "I, for one, shall never try to read it," said Sir Norman, "an about tired of this labyrinth of mysteries, and shall leave time and La Masque to unravel them at their leisure." "Then you mean to give up the pursuit?" "I can not forget that page," said Ormiston, musingly. "It is singular, since he wears the Earl of Rochester's livery, that we have never seen him before among his followers. Are you quite sure, Sir Norman, that you have not?" "Seen him? Don't be absurd, Ormiston! Do you think I could ever forget such a face as that?" "It would be easy, I confess. One does not see such every day. And yet—and yet—it is most extraordinary!" "I shall ask Rochester about him the first thing to-morrow; and unless he is an optical illusion, which I vow I half-believe is the case—I will come at the truth in spite of your demoniac friend, La Masque!" "Then you do not mean to look for him to-night?" "Look for him? I might as well look for a needle in a haystack. Not I! I have promised La Masque to visit the old ruins, and there I shall go forthwith. Will you accompany me?" "I think not. I have a word to say to La Masque; you and she kept talking so busily, I had no chance to put it in." Sir Norman laughed. "Besides, I have no doubt it is a word you would not like to utter in the presence of a third party, even though that third party be your friend and Pythias, Kingsley. Do you mean to stay here like a plague-sentinel until she returns?" "Possibly; or if I get tired I may set out in search of her. When do you return?" "The Fates, that seem to make a foot-ball of my best affections, and kick them as they please, only know. If nothing happens—which, being interpreted, means, if I am still in the land of the living—I shall surely be back by daybreak." "And I shall be anxious about that time to hear the result of your night's adventure; so where shall we meet?" "With all here? It is as good a place as any." "With all my heart. Where do you propose getting a horse?"

"At the King's Arms—not a stone's throw from here." "Farewell!" "Good-night, and God speed you!" said Ormiston. And, wrapping his cloak close about him, he leaned against the doorway, and, watching the lancing lights on the river, prepared to await the return of La Masque. With his head full of the adventures and misadventures of the night, Sir Norman walked thoughtfully on until he reached the King's Arms—a low inn on the bank of the river. To his dismay he found the house shut up, and bearing the dismal mark and inscription of the pestilence. While he stood contemplating it in perplexity, a watchman, on guard before another plague-stricken house, advanced and informed him that the whole family had perished of the disease, and that the landlord himself, the last survivor, had been carried off not twenty minutes before to the plague-pit. "But," added the man, seeing Sir Norman's look of annoyance, and being informed what he wanted, "there are two or three horses around there in the stable, and you may as well help yourself; for if you don't take them, somebody else will." This philosophic logic struck Sir Norman as being so extremely reasonable, that without more ado he stepped round to the stables and selected the best he contained. Before proceeding on his journey, it occurred to him that, having been handling a plague-stricken patient, it would be a good thing to get his clothes fumigated; so he stepped into a neighboring apothecary's shop for that purpose, and provided himself also with a bottle of aromatic vinegar. Thus prepared for the worst, Sir Norman sprang on his horse like a second Don Quixote, striding his good steed Rozinante, and sallied forth in quest of adventures. These, for a short time, were of rather a dismal character; for, hearing the noise of horse's hoofs in the silent streets at that hour of the night, the people opened their doors as he passed by, thinking it the pest-cart, and brought forth many a miserable victim of the pestilence. Averting his head from the revolting spectacles, Sir Norman held the bottle of vinegar to his nostrils, and rode rapidly till he reached Newgate. There he was stopped until his bill of health was examined, and that small manuscript being found all right, he was permitted to pass on in peace. Everywhere he went, the trail of the serpent was visible over all. Death and Desolation were hand in hand. Outside as well as inside the gates, great piles of wood and coal were arranged, waiting only the midnight hour to be fired. Here, however, no one seemed to be stirring; and no sound broke the silence but the distant rumble of the death-cart, and the ringing of the driver's bell. There were lights in some of the houses, but many of them were dark and deserted, and nearly every one bore the red cross of the plague. It was a gloomy scene and hour, and Sir Norman's heart turned sick within him as he noticed the ruin and devastation the pestilence had everywhere wrought. And he remembered, with a shudder, the prediction of Lily, the astrologer, that the paved streets of London would be like green fields, and the living be no longer able to bury the dead. Long before this, he had grown hardened and accustomed to death from its very frequency; but now, as he looked round him he almost resolved to ride on, and return no more to London till the plague should have left it. But then came the thought of his unknown lady-love, and with it the reflection that he was on his way to find her; and, rousing himself from his melancholy reverie, he rode on at a brisker pace, heroically resolved to brave the plague or any other emergency, for her sake. Full of this laudable and lover-like resolution, he had got on about a mile further, when he was suddenly checked in his rapid career by an exciting, but in no way surprising little incident. During the last few yards, Sir Norman had come within sight of another horseman, riding on at rather a leisurely pace, considering the place and the hour. Suddenly, three other horsemen came galloping down upon him, and the leader, presenting a pistol at his head, requested him in a stentorian voice for his money or his life. By way of reply, the stranger instantly produced a pistol of his own, and before the astonished highwaymen could comprehend the possibility of such an act, discharged it full in his face. With a loud yell the robber reared back, and fell full length, and in a twinkling both his companions fired their pistols at the traveler, and bore, with a simultaneous cry of rage, down upon him. Neither of the shots had taken effect, but the two enraged highwaymen would have made short work of their victim had not Sir Norman, like a true knight, ridden to the rescue. Drawing his sword, with one vigorous blow he placed another of the assassins hors d'combat; and, delighted with the idea of a fight to stir his stagnant blood, was turning (like a second St. George at the Dragon) upon the third, when that individual, thinking discretion the better part of valor, instantaneously turned tail and fled. The whole brisk little episode had not occupied five minutes, and Sir Norman was scarcely a few yards from the spot when he had triumphantly ended. "Short, sharp and decisive!" was the stranger's cool criticism, as he deliberately wiped his blood-stained sword and placed it in a velvet scabbard. "Our friends, there, got more than they bargained for, I fancy. Though, but for you, sir," he said, politely raising his hat and bowing, "I should probably have been ere this in heaven, or—the other place." Sir Norman, deeply edified by the easy sang froid of the speaker, turned to take a second look at him. There was very little light; for the night had grown darker as it wore on, and the few stars that had glimmered faintly had hid their diminished heads behind the piles of inky clouds. Still, there was a sort of faint phosphorescent light whitening the gloom, and by it Sir Norman's keen bright eyes discovered that he wore a long dark cloak and slouched hat. He discovered something else, too—that he had seen that hat and cloak, and the man inside of them, on London Bridge not an hour before. It struck Sir Norman there was a sort of fatality in their meeting; and his pulses quickened a trifle, as he thought that he might be speaking to the husband of the lady for whom he had so suddenly conceived such a rash and inordinate attachment. That personage meantime having relaxed his pistol, with a self-possession refreshing to witness, replaced it in his doublet, gathered up the reins, and glancing slightly at his companion, spoke again: "I should thank you for saving my life, I suppose, but thank people is so little in my line that I scarcely know how to set about it. Perhaps, my dear sir, you will take the will for the deed." "An original, this," thought Sir Norman, "whoever he is." Then aloud: "Pray don't trouble yourself about thanks, sir. I should have done precisely the same for the highwayman, had he had so suddenly conceived such a rash and inordinate attachment. That personage meantime having relaxed his pistol, with a self-possession refreshing to witness, replaced it in his doublet, gathered up the reins, and glancing slightly at his companion, spoke again: "Ah! said the stranger, in an altered tone, "and where?" "On London Bridge." "I did not see you." "Very likely, but I was there none the less." "Do you know me?" said the stranger; and Sir Norman could see he was gazing at him sharply from under the shadow of his slouched hat. "I have not, that honor, but I hope to do so before we part." "It was quite dark when you saw me on the bridge—how comes it, then, that you recollect me so well?" "I have always been blessed with an excellent memory," said Sir Norman, carelessly, "and I know your dress, face and voice instantly."

happened to be, there was a power in his good-natured, comical face, and his extravagant, humorous speech, that kept down distrust of evil motives.

"I would like to know, Kit," Tom finally said, "why you ever happened to be among the robbers."

"Well, sir; the stage of the story, if we run it back to the place of beginning," he said, ejecting a volley of tobacco-juice forward over his horse's head, "dates January the tenth, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and fifteen. Old aunt Peggy Bandy, as the folks called her, was originator of the bull affair, and a little long-legged baby was heard to sound its bugle one mornin' of the aforesaid year, in the Bandy cabin; and from that day on little Kit had an existence. After a few years dandlin' around on all the old weemin's laps in Oak Holler, and huggin', and squeezein', and kissin' among the little folks, I bloomed out into a real, likely tow-headed boy. Then I started to school—that place of fun and frolic. After passin' through a few years ear-pullin', jig-dancin' and fly-killin' at school, I made a bulge and come out a young man with a sprinklin' of luck among the female gender, and a light set of whiskers. Time passed on and I got my full set; then I began to cast about for some trade or profession. Pust I tried stage-drivin', but that didn't gee; so I next tried shoemaking, but I couldn't learn to drive a peg to save my sole. So next I started a grocery down at the Cross Roads, but as whisky was the only thing in demand in that rickshack district, I couldn't stand it; so I gave away what flour I had on hands, drunk up my stock of whisky at cost, and took to the ministry. This kept the night of any of them bein' the shoe that fit. But, I couldn't stand the pressure of four revivals a year—too much kissin' and huggin'. I wouldn't 'a' minded it so much if the work'd been done by them as you like; but, if that war an ugly old tarmagran of a woman in the congregation, she was surer than thunder to monopolize the best kissin' and huggin' position in the room, right whar it was possible to do justice by the handsome young sistern. So I got disgusted, shook off my ministerial robes and measured the distance between Oak Holler and the Pacific Ocean. Here for some twenty or thirty years I've been practicing fust one thing and then another. I've trapped and hunted 'long every creek and river west of the Missouri. I Forty-nined some in California, and thar I passed through two years of an experiment I never want to repeat. I married—yes, act'ly married Sabina Ellen Frisby, and arter a spell of conjugal hair-pullin' and head-poundin', we quit. Sabe war a good woman at heart when the devil war absent from it, but rile her up and she pushed a fist right out from her shoulder like a mule's heel. More'n once she flipped my trotters from under me, did Sabe. But the big joke of all war when we lived down in Hellabolo Gulch. One night Sabina came home from Hoover's Station purty well on her ear. She would tiddle a little, would Sabe. Weemin weren't so awful nice and perticler them days as now. A woman that wouldn't hobber-noble glasses 'em days war considered a tender, wuthless thing, sure to be shunned by the men as a spell of small-pox or cholera. But the fust thing Sabina did war to fetch me one, fair arter the eyes that laid me kerwhop on the floor. Then she haired me, and arter almost wringin' my head off, she accused me of bein' false to her—of payin' respects to Angelina Crustover; but the Lord knows, I never drunk a dozen bumpers with Ange in my life, and told her so; but you might as well 'a' talked to a wild-cat. So we had it up and down like a perfect catamount fight. Meanwhile it war rainin'—yes, stormin' like all fury without. It'd been rainin' all day up the mountain, and I war awful oneasy for fear of a freshet, and while we war skirmishin', my must fears war realized. All at once an awful torrent come a-boomin' and a-rollin' down the valley. Slam, it took our cabin, bust open the door, and in rushed the water and punched us up ag'inst the wall like forty-seven mule heels. The house shook like old Sabina's form, and I see'd we'd got to git out o' thar or drown. The water war continually risin' in the house; wave arter wave chased each other in at the door and out at the window. A huge log suddenly glided right through the house, and was followed by a panther, half-drowned. I stood it long as I could, then I bounced up the ladder into the loft, and up come the old woman arter me, still a-jawin' and fussin'—puttin' in a lick whenever close enough. She had no fears of the storm or torrent, she was so dinged mad, and, rasp my eyes if I know which I war the most afraid of—Sabe or the torrent—better bear a leetle to the left, boys, and we'll soon strike the Powder valley," the old man said, dropping his story to direct the movements of the party.

The young miners followed his directions, inasmuch as it was their previous intention to take the course, and then he resumed his story. "Well, the water soon got up into the loft, and then I ped off some shingles and climbed outside onto the roof. Out come Sabe arter me, jawin' away. It was nip and tuck arter her tongue and the bang of the thunder, and rush and roar of the water, to which the continual blaze of the lightning added somethin' of awful consideration. The water kept a-creepin' higher and higher until the roof of the cabin began to sway and totter. I see'd it couldn't stand much longer, and so I made a leap for a tree near and landed among its branches. Then I beseeched my darlin' to follow; but she just up and snorts out with a tragic air: 'Never! never! base wretch!—never will I seek safety on the same tree with you—no, never, never!'

"She knowed durned well she couldn't jump to the tree, and so did I; and that's why I asked her. But the next minute the roof floated off with Sabina upon it, and as she went a-squaddin' down the valley, I groaned out and bid her farewell.

"Bless God for the torrent," was the awful cryer's reply; "it would be a divorce to me. You'll soon be drowned out of that tree, while I'll float down to the flats and call out some one to my rescue," and away she went, hollerin' back fur as I could hear, settin' bolt upright on the roof with her hair a-flyin' and a-whippin' in the wind. The thunder tossed and tumbled overhead; the wind whistled and screamed like a hundred Sabinas; the lightning licked the sky with a thousand forked, quiverin' tongues of fire, and the torrent roared awfully. But fur as I could see, Sabina was herself, and shakin' her fist back at me—now and then takin' turns with the storm-winds in tryin' to laugh like a maniac. But, finally she disappeared, a speck in the distance. Wal, to make the story shorter: I war'n' drowned, as the sweet-scented Sabina had hoped, for the water went down, and so did I. But thar war'n' a corner-stun of the Bandys palatial residence left; and so in order to leave the impression that we war both drowned, for I knew Sabe would be, I made myself seldom in Hellabolo Gulch, and after five years knockin' about, I drowed up in Austin, Nevada. Thar I figgered lively for a spell; chawed up a few Ingins; knocked the stuffin' out of a few Chinamen; and otherwise regulated things in that immoral, corrupt place. The

next criminal act I did war to fall in love again."

"Again?" exclaimed Idaho Tom, "after your former experience in love matters?"

"Yes, again, durned ole fool that I war. But I could not help it. Hagar Ann Forgot just froze right to me, and what else could I do? Then, to acknowledge the fact, she resembled my lost Sabina, more or less. She war better-lookin', though, than Sabe ever war; and much handsomer. She had coal-black hair—Sabe had red—fair complexion and some accomplishments. She war far more refined than old Sabe, and never got drunk, nor swore even if she did lose a hand at poker. But to shorten up again, we war married one day, and just as I war about to plant the weddin' kiss on her lips, what should she do but draw back with clenched fists and glarin' eyes, that revived thoughts of my lost darlin' and exclaim: 'Nary kiss, you dasted, ornery old hypocrite! nary kiss, Kit Bandy! I've worked, and plotted, and planned, and dyed my hair, and powdered my complexion these years to bring about this, you old blind fool. Ha! ha! if ye did 'scape the torrent, you won't 'scape the vengeance of a wronged, deserted wife—no, you won't, you old—' but, boys, I didn't stay there to hear any more, but I did escape the vengeance of that woman—that very old Sabina, the deceivin' critter. Great horn of Joshua! how fine she played Hagar Ann Forgot. But I pulled up and left Austin and went over to Varginny city, whar I became another man—settled down, war elected justice of the peace, and called Squire Bandy. Finally I left there, and the tide of old time tossed me up here 'mong Prairie Paul's band, whar I've been doin' some huntin', some minin', and—"

"Some stealin'," added Davey Cooper. "As thar's a heaven, I never stole a thing from an honest man in my life; nor has Prairie Paul been doin' much theivin' since I've been with him—more minin' than anything else."

"What is your opinion of the gold prospect in the Black Hills, Kit?" Tom asked.

"Haydoogins of gold thar to be had for the diggin'." Paul and the men have panned out several dollars a day to the man. They'll make a big thing of it yet if the sojers don't find 'em out and hite 'em. I tell ye they war mighty oneasy 'bout you fellers: they war afraid you'd strike a lead, communicate the fact outside, and then bring in others. It war all I could do to help Aree to save your lives."

"Who's Aree?" questioned Tom.

"Why, the angel that descended in the fine wire basket and liberated you in the sojer's camp, that's who. She's the pet of the band, and—"

"Well, now, Kit," Tom said, "you are coming to the point. Let us hear something about that girl."

"She's a beauty, cap't'n—a reglar beauty, and great horn of Joshua! what a temper she's got when you rile her up! As I war goin' to observe, she's the pet of the band, and if any man insults her in the least, she just deliberately shoots him down, and the rest cry, 'so be it.' Thar's five weemin among the band, but none of them can shine up to Aree, the Princess. She's the darter of the lieutenant of the band, Ivan Van Pruss; and would you believe it, cap't'n, that girl loves you like all tarnation. I'd die to have her love me the way she does you," and the old man burst into a peal of hearty, rollicking laughter that set the young miners into a roar.

"Was she sent to release me to-night?" Tom asked.

"Yes; her father wanted to know whar your camp was, so he ordered her to dress up like an angel and go down in the invisible wire basket and cut your bonds while the sojers slept. Then she war to invoke the blessing of some saint, and make the sign of the cross on your breast and back. The last was to be made with phosphorus, arranged handily on the haft of her knife, so's its shine would guide us to your camp. She didn't want to do it, but when her father told her he would shoot you dead whar you sat confined unless she did, why, she consented to go down. I also promised her that I'd see that you got off safe, and so down she went, the brave, fearless angel, in the wire basket, which is worked by a pulley on the ledge above."

"Exactly," replied Tom, with an air of satisfaction; "that ledge you speak of is concealed among the tree-tops, and leads into a cavern."

"Precisely, and a magnificent place it is, cap't'n."

"A thin wreath of smoke rising in that vicinity is what drew me up there, and got me into trouble."

"Indeed? Well, you may thank your stars that you got away—Harkee! harkee!"

All turned their heads and listened. The clatter of hoofs, coming down the valley, fell upon their ears.

"Danger, boys! haydoogins of it, by the horn that shook old Jericho's wall!" exclaimed Kit Bandy, and his long legs began warping his horse violently: "ride up, ride up like the wind!"

And putting spurs, the little band galloped sharply onward.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

The Cross of Carlyon:

OR,
THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.
THE PLOTTERS AT WORK.

WE return to the house of Arly & Arly. Though the building was dark without and silent within, a dim light burned in the apartment adjoining the parlor, in which had transpired another and bold plan concerning Christabel.

Preston Arly and his hoary mustached son sat grimly at a red-covered table. The former leaned far back in his seat, till his pointed chin nigh touched his shirt-stuff, limbs elongated outward, and snaky arms folded tight over his narrow breast; the latter sat upright, rigid, frowning, one set of fingers drumming noiselessly on his knee-cap, and his eyes wandering at impatient intervals toward the window—a window overlooking a courtyard at the side, leading west from a street which, on the city map, appears without a name. Their attitude was statue-like, but in the faces was a simile expression of expectation.

Christabel had disrobed immediately upon the departure of her guests; the attendant maid was slumbering in the room next to the apartments of her mistress.

But sleep came reluctantly to Christabel. Like Gerard Vance, her mind was confused over those developments which had not been foreseen in the programme of the evening.

As she lay in the pitchy darkness, she went back, in fancy, through fifteen years, while memory brought up the picture of childhood and its brief sweet pleasures of the life at Lochwood. Solitude gave freer vent to such meditation, there was not the glitter and gossip intrusion of a gay company to distract the panorama of imagery.

Could she ever forget the Jerome Harrison of those days?—or forget how, in her youthful eloquence, she had clung to him in every word and impulse?

Yes, she had loved him then; perhaps, withal the eventful years that had multiplied since that happy time—and the ever changing life that had almost blotted out the recollection of childhood's sunny days—perhaps there was some of the old ardor left, a whispering deep down in the recesses of the heart, that might mean affection now.

"Jerome—Jerome Harrison," she breathed, lowly, "I have never known what it was to love, since those dear, dear days. I feel—I scarce know how. Am I a child again? Am I loving you as I used to? Am I as precious to you as I was? Pshaw! what am I talking about?"

But it seemed all so strange, so wonderful—their meeting in such a way—that for a long time the influence of these emotions was supplanted by consideration of the accident of fate, and Gerard Vance's significant words in regard to Preston Arly and her father.

Thus an hour went by. Gradually she sunk to repose, sunk to fitful, undecipherable dreams, in which she saw the Jerome of earlier time, and seemed to hear again the warning he had spoken at the guest-thronged table.

The last she remembered was a dull, rumbling noise, like wheels upon the cobbles outside; and after that, a blackness unlike the peaceful calm of repose, mixed with hideous enigmas that made her spirit writhe. It seemed as if a great pall was drawing down upon her; unearthly sounds in her ears, airs of oppressive suffocation; but no will to arouse from the deathly chill which palsied her veins, until, at last—chaos.

Christabel was not mistaken in the sound resembling the rumbling of wheels. A close cab stopped short at the curb in the court at the side of the house, and a single occupant leaped out.

This personage, a man, entered the premises by the unlatched gateway.

Presently the light in the second story was extinguished, and three figures like airy specters, stalked forth in the gloom.

In single file they moved up the stairway to Christabel's room; a single object crawled, on hands and knees, toward the bed of the sleeper.

Suddenly, there was a rustling, like a brief struggle, and a shrill whisper said:

"Quick—the chloroform!"

A few hasty, patterning footsteps. Another sound like a frantic, useless struggle, and a gasping, gasping noise from a human throat. Then stillness most solemn.

A cab was rolling along at tremendous speed, its wheels rattling loudly in the stillly hour of approaching dawn.

On, on through the slumbering city—along Lexington to Holliday, thence to Baltimore street, where the wheels fitted into the guttered rail-track as the vehicle sped eastward.

At Broadway, it turned south, keeping the track, and under the impetus of the declining ground and fresh strokes from the cracking whip, the horses dashed ahead with renewed velocity.

As the cab whirled past St. Patrick's church the great clock in the steeple tolled forth the hour of four, and while the echoes of the bell still lingered, Broadway market was reached, and again the wheels rattled frightfully on the irregular cobbles.

Pretty soon the driver turned into Shakspeare street, a sort of modern alley-way that, before and during the war, bore a bad reputation. An efficient police and reorganized population have, however, somewhat now altered and bettered this locality.

Before a three-storyed house of greasy, battered front, the cabman paused. Simultaneously, and as if this arrival was looked for, the door of the house swung open, and a woman appeared, waving a huge lamp above her head.

Three parties alighted from the cab, and two of those who were a helpless figure wrapped in black kots. While the two who carried the bundle entered the dwelling, the third paused to slip a greenback into the driver's hand, saying:

"Remember, Felix, this isn't the first time you've made twenty dollars at a single job; nor will it be the last if you know how to hold your tongue."

The cabman did not reply at once. His gaze was fixed upon the doorway.

When the other parties passed the woman, she waved the lamp with a downward sweep, as if to scan the burden they were bringing in. The movement discovered a female face of surpassing loveliness, and for one moment the driver was transfixed by the vision. He had seen that face before.

"Do you hear me, Felix? What are you gaping at?"

"Yes, sir; all right, sir," he ejaculated, brokenly; "I'm munn, sir; that's the kind of a man I am. Thankee, sir," and pocketing the greenback, he mounted his box. But he was muttering, as he drove off: "Blest if I ain't seen that 'ere purty face some'ers, 'ar I'd give a ducent to know just where. Ge' up, hoss!"

The door of the house banged shut; unbroken stillness reigned again.

There were scattered lights appearing at the windows of the buildings round; gray lines of smoke from kindling fires curled upward out of crumbling chimneys, dispersing on the somnolent air. Whatever had been done, it was finished none too soon. The neighborhood was already astir, the wife of the hard-working mechanic was busy at her stove.

Across the street, at an angle, was a solitary individual, a young man who had one arm encircling the awning-post of the shoe store, and who seemed engrossed with the task of maintaining an equilibrium—a a yardward youth most sadly in his cups. He swung round the post at intervals, first one way and then the other, like the tail-end of a weathervane, mumbling, between hiccoughs, like a sage over a problem.

But he was not so drunk as to prevent his noticing the cab. His uncertain vision beheld the two men carry their burden into the dingy dwelling, and he managed to see that it was a human figure, either inebriate or dead.

"Somebody drunk (hic!) argued he. 'Al-lers th' way 'e 'appens, some'ers; stay out late, get tight 'ile bit, bring home 'n carriage (hic!) Mus' go investigate that,' and here he took a step forward, as if intending to make closer observations.

The effort was beyond his capacity. His knees bent, and making a frantic embrace again round the post, his body went spinning spirally, till he sprawled in a sitting posture across the curb.

"A' right. Can't stand up, sit down 'ile bit (hic!). Knees full of whisky. Feel sick. Won't 'er who that fel was? Sor-r- for 'im get drunk; oughtn't get drunk. Bad habit." Then his liquor-husky voice broke forth:

"Oh, 'ware was my pocket-book now gone to? Of you listen and I tote it to you now. Bout dot day when I come into der city, Yust for to go out shopping mit mine frow, (hic!) 'Whoo! Tell 'em I'm big Injun—big Injun over der Rhine—"

He was cut short by the presence of a policeman.

"So, young man, you're drunk, eh?"

"Lie! (hic!) Nary drunk. Houses won't stand still. Bad pavement. Want mendin'. Drunk?—no, sir-ee. What's two bottles among one? Whoo! for 'I'm big Injun—(hic!) big Injun over der Rhine."

"Yes, a good bit 'over,' I think. Come, stand up now," and he shook the enthusiastic youth by the shoulder.

"Drunk over there"—pointing across the street. "Seen 'em carry in, just now. Goin' 'vestigate; fell down—"

"Yes, I understand all that. You come along with me for awhile. I'll attend to your case."

"My name's (hic!) Jack Stoner—"

"Sorry to tell you so drunk, Mr. Stoner. Here, we'll go this way."

And in a few moments the young lark was quietly stepping out in the direction of the Eastern Station.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GAMBLER'S SPECULATION.

THE house on Shakspeare street, whither our interest now centers, was occupied by a "lone woman," Mrs. Boggles by name, and admirably suited to the use of the three men, whose purpose will be seen directly.

Headed by Mrs. Boggles, they ascended several flights of stairs to the third story. Here were two rooms, one front and one back. The front apartment was arranged comfortably after the manner of a bedchamber; that at the back engages particular attention, as its appearance was in strange contrast with the general aspect of dirt surrounding the premises.

A magnificent parlor in miniature, with costly carpet, a rosewood, marble-top table in the center, and other appointments to correspond. There were crimson satin chairs and a lounge, all inlaid; pictures of statuary in gilt ornamenting the yellow-papered walls; a grand mirror at one side, reaching from floor to ceiling.

It had but one window, this D-shaped, at the extreme top of the south wall; it had but one door, this opening into the front chamber.

Into the last-described room, the two men carried their burden. Mrs. Boggles set her lamp on the table, and the insensible human figure was placed gently upon the lounge.

By the glare of the lamp we now see the faces of the men: Wilford Wynne, Preston Arly, and the latter's son, Albert.

"Step this way, gentlemen," said Wynne, beckoning them to follow him to the front room; and, as they passed out, closing the door between; "You see, I lost no time in arranging with Mrs. Boggles, my landlady. Not such an unpleasant prison after all, is it?"

While speaking, he ignited a match, and soon had another lamp burning in its bracket against the wall.

"So you live here, eh?" said Albert Arly, glancing scrutinizingly about him.

Arly, senior, as soon as the lamp was lighted, threw himself into a convenient chair. His limbs wormed in coils about the legs of the chair, he dropped his skinny elbows on the armrests, pointed his palms over his lap, and craning his neck slightly forward, gazed keenly at Wynne with his little, twinkling eyes.

"Yes," replied Wynne, "this is my burrow. Rather an odd place for an exquisite, is it not? But, as far as my own surrounding is concerned, you may perceive that I am quite comfortable. I only sleep here, and take my meals wherever I happen to be when hungry; and of course men of my profession do most of their sleeping in the daytime. That back room there can tell a tale. I've invited many a casual acquaintance into its privacy, and relieved poor fools of their money at the rosewood table. Will you smoke?" and he threw cigars and matches on the table, appropriating one to himself.

"What now, about Christabel?" asked Albert, who remained standing.

"Leave her entirely to me," answered the gambler, puffing complacently at his fragrant cigar.

"How long will it take to subdue her?"

"That depends entirely upon the caliber of her spirit."

"A spirit of iron. Ho! Invincible," put in Arly, Sen.

"Remember, you are to offer her no bodily harm," pursued Albert.

"Rely upon me"—with a nod. "She is too beautiful for that. The matter may take weeks or months. Of one thing, however, be assured: she'll never leave that room, until she goes as my wife. Not even you two, in the possible event of changing your minds, can get her away from me," and the last was accompanied by another nod of unmistakable significance.

"Oho!" thought old Arly, rubbing his palms, "this shrewd villain has the game now in his own hands, and knows it. But very little I care, if Christabel comes out of that room heels first!"

"And now, gentlemen," continued Wynne, "my advice to you is, to make yourselves scarce. It may be best if my charmer remains ignorant of your complicity in this affair. Allow me to show you out," and taking the lamp from its bracket, he moved toward the stairway.

"We'll hear of your progress, I suppose?" inquired Arly, junior, as he and his diminutive parent followed Wynne.

"Certainly, you shall be promptly advised." As they separated on the pavement below, old Arly exclaimed, snappishly:

"Ho! deuce take that rascal of a cabman! Why didn't he wait. A nice tramp to St. Paul street, at this hour of the morning!"

"Come," urged the son, fearful of attracting attention to the house; for two or three laborers were then passing on the opposite side.

"Adieu, gentlemen." Wynne closed the door, and returned to the upper story.

At the moment the gambler re-entered the room Mrs. Boggles thrust her head through the other doorway.

"She's all fixed, sir, and looks like she's a-comin' to me. Maybe you'd better come in, sir."

Wynne laid aside his cigar, gave a momentary glance at his bureau mirror, then stepped into the rear apartment. The huge lamp had an addition of a ground glass shade, imparting a mellowness to its rays peculiarly agreeable to the eyes, and further harmonizing the furnishings around.

"You may retire, Mrs. Boggles."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Boggles; and with a grin and a knowing wink, she withdrew.

The gambler advanced to the rosewood table, and turned the jet of the lamp higher.

Then, in an attitude of easy grace, one hand,

with bent knuckles, resting on the marble slab, he turned his eyes upon the unconscious form on the lounge.

His prey was dressed in coarse garments supplied by Mrs. Boggles; even those arranged with clumsiness. But the uncouth clothes, nor the unnatural sleep of the drug that darkened her senses, could not lessen the glorious beauty of her face, nor hide the bewitching symmetry of her form.

"Beautiful, beautiful woman!" muttered the enraptured man, while his face glowed, and every vein pulsed in heated exaltation, "not all the powers on earth can wrest you from me! You are mine—mine!" and raising his voice, he called:

"Christabel! Wake—open your eyes," and look at me."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 321.)

MY SONG.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

You ask a song,
Such as of yore, an autumn's eventide,
Some blest boy-poet carol'd—and then died.
Nay, I have sung too long.

Say, shall I fling
A sigh to beauty at her window-pane?
I sang there once, might I not once again?
Or tell me whom to sing.

The peer and peers?
Lord of the wealth that gives his time employ—
Time to possess, but hardly to enjoy—
He cannot need my tears.

The man of mind,
Or priest, who darkness what is clear as day?
I cannot sing them, yet I will not say
Such guides are wholly blind.

The orator?
He quiet lies where you fresh hillock heaves;
'Twere well to sprinkle there those laurel-leaves
He won—but never wore.

Or shall I twine
A cypress? Wreath of glory and of gloom—
To march a gallant soldier to his doom,
Needs fuller voice than mine.

No lay have I,
No murmured measure meet for your delight,
No song of love and death, to make you quite
Forget that we must die.

Something is wrong—
The world is over-wise; or, more's the pity,
These days are far too busy for a ditty,
Yet take it—take my song.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE MAY CAMPAIGN.

MAY ended with a drawn battle in the new issue introduced as between the representative nines of the East and the West, the record up to May 31st inclusive, showing each of the eight clubs—four from the West and four from the East—holding the following positions in the record of victories and defeats:

EAST.		WEST.	
WON.	LOST.	WON.	LOST.
Boston.....3	2	Chicago.....3	1
Hartford.....2	2	St. Louis.....3	2
Mutual.....2	2	Louisville.....2	2
Athletic.....1	3	Cincinnati.....0	4
8	8	8	8

The full record shows the games each have lost, won and drawn, and with what club, up to May 31st inclusive:

Clubs.	Chicago	Hartford	St. Louis	Boston	Louisville	Athletic	Mutual	Cincinnati	Games won
Chicago	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4
Hartford	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
St. Louis	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Boston	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1
Louisville	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	3
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	5
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3

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The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity,

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

soon to be given, will excite much remark. It is not only a story of rare power and strength as to person, passion, incident and plot, but is so full of tenderness and sweetness and of woman's unconfessed beauty of life, thought and feeling, that it will both enchain attention and command admiration. We publish it with real pleasure, and readers will heartily thank us for adding Miss Cushman to our unequalled corps of writers.

We shall soon give our readers the long promised

Sequel to Lance and Lasso,

THE SWORD HUNTERS;

The Land of the Elephant Riders.

BY CAPT. FREDK. WHITTAKER,

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN," ETC., ETC.

An announcement which hosts of readers will receive with enthusiasm. It is a very delightful story of boys' sport, exploits and adventure in a strange land—full of exciting interest and highly edifying in the information which it imparts of a little known country.

Buffalo Bill is off for the seat of the Sioux War, in Wyoming. Government has called the great scout, guide and Indian-fighter to duty with the army, and he has responded. When there is trouble with the red-skins Mr. Cody is always to be "counted in." We hope the brave fellow will be preserved from all harm. That he will do brilliant work we can well believe.

Having, for the past few issues, been somewhat crowded with our serial matter, we have, more than is our wont, encroached upon the space devoted to short stories, sketches and miscellany. This will not, of course, continue. We shall see to it that each issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL has something and much for all readers, in its varied departments.

A letter from Fort Fred Steele says: "It may be interesting to the readers of your valuable JOURNAL to know that the veritable Tom Sun, who figures so conspicuously in Buffalo Bill's fascinating story, 'Kansas King,' is an inmate of the post hospital of this post. He has been in hospital about thirty days; was very ill, but is now almost entirely recovered. His illness was superinduced by exposure, last winter. And from experience, I can assure you that a winter in Wyoming is no small matter. All the boys here are delighted with the SATURDAY JOURNAL and would not do without it, under any consideration."

It is pleasant to know that the JOURNAL is a welcome visitant at all the forts. It is finding its way to the most remote stations, and is, we know, a favorite in all the frontier settlements, and for the good reason that its authors who deal with Western life are men who know that life from association and experience.

The constant call for Mrs. Crowell's fine serial, "Vils of Wrath," has constrained us to give it place in the series of Twenty-five Cent Novels, published by Beadle and Adams—so that all orders, hereafter, for the story can be filled with the book form. This series of novels is at once one of the cheapest and most attractive ever offered the reading public. It thus far contains novels by Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Victor, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Warfield, Margaret Blount, Mrs. Ellet, Rev. J. H. Ingraham, etc.

The publishers of "Passing the Portal; or, A Girl's Struggle," by Mrs. Victor—a new novel recently noticed by us—are in receipt of the following among other tributes to the rather remarkable character of the book:

PATERSON, N. J., May 24th.

DEAR SIR: I have just laid down a book recently issued by you—"Passing the Portal"—by Mrs. Victor, and so strongly am I impressed by it that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of thanking you for ever having offered such a treat to thinking people.

It is a wonderful, a really wonderful book. Much and eagerly as I have read and studied the doctrine of Evolution, never before has it fully come to me what it all meant, and the inevitable result of the acceptance of Darwin's views.

Mrs. Victor has made for herself a glorious reputation by this book, whose every line bears the impress of a most cultivated intelligence. The characters of the story are so finely drawn that I think them among the finest I ever read. It is a marvel to me how any one could have portrayed nature so dainty, so noble, so responsive as she is.

Then the different phases of the heroine's feelings as she wanders further and further afield—her almost unconscious retention of the precious faith of her childhood—could anything be finer?

But one word can describe it all—PERFECTION. The sweet pathos, the heart anguish, the clear heights of nature, the Christian realism that runs like golden threads through the story—all make a work that will certainly add still greater laurels to the already enviable fame that Mrs. Victor wears—to whom, as a woman, and to you for giving to the world such a book, I earnestly offer my warm, grateful thanks. Yours truly, MARY REED CROWELL.

This, from one who has won for herself an enviable fame in our fiction literature, is indeed a pleasing and admirable recognition of another's merit.

Sunshine Papers.

To One Young Man and Many Young Men.

NO. I.

NOT long since we heard of a young man—we wish we had the paper here, to copy his words verbatim—who had serious doubts as to the desirability of honoring any young ladies with his calls, because he had heard that that class of beings are given to communicating to each other what their gentlemen visitors say to them. And he wished reliable information on that subject, and advice as to his own movements, as he did not intend calling on any girls, to have them repeating what he said!

Poor fellow! Precious innocent! Tender, sensitive plant! Such profound pity as imbued our bosom at your sorrowful wail; such supreme admiration as stirred our heart at your veridical; such barrels of sympathy as we felt for your sensitiveness! In case this should ever meet your eye, may we venture to offer to your delicate nature some advice?

We would suggest that, for a time, you do not call upon any young lady; that you cease casting upon that reprehensible portion of humanity the light of your countenance and the distinction of your attentions, and learn what weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair—no, not that latter, come to think of it, even for your dear, darling, precious duckie of a self; it costs too much!—there will be over your indifference! Bless your sensitive-soul!—no, that will not do; heart! brains!—no, none of those, for we do not believe you are the fortunate possessor of any. Will some one please suggest a word? Suppose we say *insist*; all animals have that; will not you be astonished to find how little account you are in the regions of young ladyism! But, then, most sensitive youth, you can console yourself for the blow to your conceit this discovery will bring about by the knowledge that Susie Marie, or Nannie Jennie isn't having the chance to tell Lizzie Annie that Mr. Green called on her last night, "and is just a perfect fool!" He told me I had such a sweet way with me, the great simpleton! and that he had never spent so pleasant an evening in his life, when Tom Hawley was there and we were making all manner of fun of Green, only he was too green to find it out, or to find his way out of the house, though I was just aching to show him!" For, let us assure you, you young imbecile, talking about not "honoring any girls with your calls," that that is just about what they would repeat after your call.

Young gentlemen, you may take our word for it, that you need not be afraid to call upon young ladies for fear they will make too many confidences regarding your conversation, unless you are fools or villains. There is a strong instinct of delicacy, and desire for monopoly, in woman-nature that renders it impossible for most girls to make any companion a sharer in what is near to their hearts. Nellie may tell Fan that you are "just perfectly lovely!" what she said of her new summer bonnet, the caramels pa brought her from town, the latest novel; but you need not mind that; they are all very nice and so are you; and the probability is she thinks you the nicest of all, except, perhaps, the bonnet, only her descriptive vocabulary is somewhat limited, and so, by necessity for economy in that line, she is forced to make that one enthusiastic expression qualify anything that pleases her, from a pickled oyster to you. But if you think that after that assertion she will go on and tell Fan how you put your arm about her waist, and held her head gently against your shirt-bosom, and looked into her eyes like a lachrymiferous calf, and stammered, in melodious tones, "Nellie, I—I—o—v—at least, I think, I—mean—I like you better than any other girl I know. Do you care a little bit for me?" you are tremendously mistaken, sir! Why she would burn all over like a little comet if she tried to report that scene; and she would never care to dream, and dream, and dream it over if any one else had any partnership in it save only you and her. No, indeed! Of all tender scenes, a woman is an inborn monopolist! But you men—oh, my!

What do we take you for, anyhow? Well, we will tell you some day!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WHAT TO BE.

SING about your work and it will not seem so hard or so long. Let the notes issue forth in glee, as though you didn't care how much labor there was in the world so long as you had the work to do. Singing is soothing; it puts the weary child to rest and makes sleep close up the little eyelids. Sailors sing as they start on their voyage; it cheers them and dissipates the gloomy feelings they may have in leaving home and loved ones. You needn't say you have no voice—that you don't know one note from another, and that your singing, or attempt at singing, would scare every one. Maybe it would have the same effect upon the "blues" and scare them away.

Laugh while you are at your work; laughter will make you grow fat; it is often the best medicine one could prescribe. A man who was "given over to die," was cured by laughing over the merry antics of a monkey, who had gained entrance to the room. Were I sick I should employ a doctor who wasn't afraid of a good, hearty laugh, for I know his laughter would be catching, and I should recover sooner than if I had one of those gloomy, melancholy sons of Esculapius about me. Villains and wicked people don't laugh, or if they do, it is so much like a groan that the difference is scarcely noticed. It is really "better to laugh than to sigh," and that is one good reason that comedies are more healthful than tragedies. He who is capable of making others laugh is one of mankind's benefactors.

Be cheerful in your conversation and in your employments. Don't be afraid to let people know you have a merry, blithesome heart and that you enjoy life and its many blessings. It was always a mystery to me why persons who commenced to get interested in religious matters should think they ought to throw aside all cheerfulness, and become sober and morose, just as though they had swallowed some disagreeable medicine and wanted others to take a dose of the same decoction. Religion should not make one sour; it should make one better, purer, more cheerful and more human. If it were my mission to visit the sick and lowly I would endeavor to leave all my own troubles and gloomy feelings outside the door, so that those who were expecting me would look forward to my coming as they would to a gleam of sunshine, and give me as cordial a welcome. Who would want a visitor to groan over the wickedness of the world, the hollowness of all humanity, the fearful roads of death, and cram

bits of tracts down their throats? I wouldn't! I want some one to cheer, and not depress me, when I'm ill. There are a set of kill-joys who worry folks into their graves and then wonder why they die. The death-dealing ammunition they use is composed of mixing Scripture with scandal, religion with mischief-making, and these things don't agree. Yes, and the killers think themselves so good and every one else so vile, wicked and depraved, that one grows so perfectly disgusted with them that one almost wishes to slam the door in their faces and tell them religion consists in humility and not in believing that pride is better than humbleness.

Be consistent in your remarks. I know I am not always, but I'm far from being a saint, and I preach to myself while I am lecturing others. I am well acquainted with a young man, who is one of the "goody" sort, and who seems to take delight in saying queer things in an odd sort of way. He asked a lady friend of mine what good it did to have ruffles around the neck of a dress and around the sleeves—I suppose he thought them to be vanity of vanities. She said she supposed they were for warmth, and asked him what good his paper collar and silk necktie and gold shirt-studs did. He was hit; she had driven him into a place where he couldn't crawl out of very well, and he answered that he supposed they were intended for warmth. I think she had the best of it, and I admired her aptness.

Isn't there some one in your neighborhood just as inconsistent? One who is blaming others for things they do to themselves or something nearly akin to it? These sort of individuals are forever in hot water, and being more a cause of trouble to all around them than they are really worth. Always fussing and finding fault with the households of others, and in going around from house to house, neglect their own. What enjoyment or pleasure they can find in the business, I am at a loss to discover, but I presume it is their ultimatum of perfect happiness. Such sort of employment wouldn't make me very happy. If it makes them happy it serves to make others miserable, so it is a very selfish kind of happiness, after all.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Who Wrote the Declaration of Independence.

A QUESTION SETTLED.

THE question, "Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?" is now on its Centennial round. I consider it my bounden duty to forever settle it, and so I rise in behalf of posterity, and say that my grandfather, Erasmus Whitcomb, was the author of that celebrated document. Not exactly as it stands now, but with a very little difference—a few words changed here and there are all the alterations it received before it was adopted by the first Congress, of which body was his body, representing the oyster business on Chesapeake Bay.

The original document is still in possession of our family, and is shown with peculiar reverence to curiosity-seekers. It will be on exhibition in Philadelphia, along with several other relics of the author, including the pen with which it was written, with the end meditatively chewed.

I transcribe the article as it originally stood, with great pleasure and satisfaction:

THE ORIGINAL DECLARATION.

When in the course of humane events it becomes necessary, as it were, for one people to dissolve the political or brass bands that bind them to another, and to put on their first boots and earliest pants, they should declare the causes which entitle them to that divorce without apology.

We hold these truths self-evident that all men were created equal to any one else who does not happen to be superior to them; that they are endowed with certain unalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of what they are pursuing, and when any government becomes destructive of these ends there should be an end to the destructive.

The history of the present king of Great Britain is one of repeated injuries, and our pockets are stuffed so full of his usurpations that they will hold no more, by George.

He has refused his consent to appoint all of us revenue collectors and pension agents.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies without ever allowing them to sit down, depriving them even the right of sitting in the seat of war.

He has deprived us in many cases of the right of trial by jury, thus causing much distress among honorable men who hang around the court-house to get on the jury and make a dollar and a half a day.

He has put a stamp on our tea, which makes that beverage boil up so high that we haven't the necessary stamps about us to neutralize those stamps. It is stamp shame.

He has suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, so if any of us happens to make a mistake and get into the wrong jail, we are obliged to stay there and amuse ourselves.

He has quartered large bodies of large-bodied troops among us, when we hadn't any quarter to buy provisions with.

He has sent some of the most miserable weather vane here that is in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

He has reduced the length of shoes to fourteen inches in length, thus causing untold agony and suffering to a great many inhabitants of Boston.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, which would be well enough, but he has sent over swarms of carpet-baggers to fill them.

He has armed his soldiers among us with real muskets that won't burst.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms, but he has answered these petitions by telling us to go there ourselves, or has reached over here and cracked us on the head with his scepter.

We feel weak; therefore these things we are not able to stand a day longer. We shall no more be tied to England's apron-strings and calmly be spanked by the British slipper. We are too big a boy.

We, therefore, Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, do publish and declare that these colonies ought to be free and equally independent, and that the Atlantic cable shall no longer connect us.

In defense of which we will sacrifice our lives in getting recruits for our army.

For this we will spend the last dollar of our fortunes which we have no other need for.

We are willing to spend the last breath in our bodies in stirring up a feeling among our people to jump to the defense of our cause.

Such of us as are made generals will stand to resist the invaders even though we fall—back.

In a pinch we will be willing to sacrifice our honor, or any other article of portable personal property which will be handy.

We shall boldly enter the ranks and march down with our troops to see them off.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, John Dongleman, justice of what little peace is left, this fourth day of July, 1776.

Such is the original draft of the Declaration, and it contained the pure patriotic sentiments which animated my revered grandfather in that dark hour of our country's history. I reach back across one hundred years to slap the old gentleman on the back. The fires which he kindled then have burned in the bosoms of the whole Whitehorn family since. They will never die out.

The Declaration was read out before Congress, and adopted with a few immaterial alterations, not enough to injure the text.

I hope this question will not be started again.

Proudly yours,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The Empress of India pays Lord Lytton, her Viceroy, \$185,000 per year, which is a fair salary, considering the times. At any rate it is better than writing poetry for a living. We pay the President of the United States \$50,000 per year and yet there are people who deem it an enormous sum. Why, the President of the New York Home Insurance gets \$25,000 a year salary, and no one thinks him overpaid, but a President of the United States—bosh! he ought to serve for the mere honor of the office. The country is not able to fool its money away on a mere President.

—A quarrelsome husband and wife in Iowa decided to separate and divide their property evenly. The land was measured off into two farms, and the house and barn were cut in halves, and each half removed a short distance. We are not informed what was done with the children. They probably were halved the same way. And the mother-in-law—what was done with her?

—A Swedish professor of chemistry, experimenting with a quantity of "reindeer moss," a peculiar growth with which the Scandinavian mountains are covered, declares that 1,500 pounds of the moss under proper treatment will produce nearly 1,300 pounds of refined sugar, and that five gallons of the pure alcohol may be extracted from 63 pounds. If this is the case, Sweden has something better than a silver mine on her sterile mountains and far northern plains, unless the moss is all turned into alcohol; in which case she has discovered a short cut to—well, say Helsingford.

—A large man who sat on the wharf fishing, lately gave his opinion with regard to the hard times. He said the trouble was that capital was opposed to labor, and no matter how anxious a man was to work capital would make no concessions. He wanted work himself, he said, and once he thought of giving up, but now his wife wanted him to keep on, and he wouldn't ever yield. He intended to say more, but was obliged to go off to attend a ball match, for which he was bottle-holder. He is, we also learn, incidentally, a candidate for Congress on the Injured Man's ticket.

—There is a man named Thurston living on White Oak Creek, in Titus County, Texas, who is seven feet eight inches in height, and well proportioned. The people there feel much favored in being able to see this giant as many times in a day as they choose, "free of charge." Noah Orr, the giant whom Barnum exhibited in his old New York museum, is now living at Marysville, Ohio, and has for an almost constant friend and companion one of the smallest men in the town. They are the "lions" of course. Orr made a little fortune exhibiting himself. Let the Texas man drop his modesty and go to a Centennial side-show and he'll be able, in three months' time, to buy a ranch big enough for ten thousand steers.

—The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for salt. Rains wash it and hold it in solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points. Thus the salt mines of Portland and the vast horizontal beds of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in St. Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land remote from water. There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from rock is regularly going on, but there is not water power enough to force it on to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed with the soil.

—A young man who married a woman with seven sisters and went to live in the family, came out the other day and sadly asked a neighbor whether it was better to cut your strawberry beds bias with inside plasting, or Pompadour with nothing but plain insertion. And the neighbor was so touched and overcome by this evidence of failing memory that he instantly borrowed a silver-handled fruit knife, four quarts of beans, \$7.50 in money, a clothes-horse, two buckets, and a wheelbarrow, and would have borrowed more only there didn't seem to be anything else movable about the premises.

—The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has refused permission to Miss Lavina Goodell to practice law, on the ground that she is a woman. There was no question as to the character or qualifications of the applicant; but she belonged to the proscribed sex and that was all the Chief Justice wanted to know about her. He is a high-toned judge, and believes in keeping gentle women in the pure atmosphere of home, and would not permit her to mix professionally in all the nastiness of the world which finds its way to the courts of justice. It is very good of the judge to do all the nasty work himself, but, if a woman wants to see for herself just how nasty it is, he might have politely asked her inside the bar. A New York judge, we know, would not have refused.

Great Americans!

NO. 2 NOW READY.

The Life and Exploits OF JOHN PAUL JONES,

Chevalier and Rear Admiral.

Embracing a full account of his services in the American, French and Russian navies.

BY O. J. VICTOR.

A most brilliant, graphic and complete biography of this veritable *Terror of the Seas*, and one of the most admirable volumes for the revival of patriotic memories that could be offered.

This series of GREAT AMERICANS will embrace many of the most conspicuous characters in American history, viz.:

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It offers to the Young Men of Our Country a rare opportunity for the best reading at the merest nominal rates. Each volume of 100 pages 12mo., is a biography complete, and being sold at the price of Ten cents brings it within the reach of all.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Mabel," "A Lover's Ruse," "Hiring a Professional," "Flight With an Abductor," "A Past Unforgiveness," "Speak, or Make No Sign," "A Straight Drink," "Old Blow's Last Resurrection."

Accepted: "Six Years After," "Healing a Heart," "Cupid at Farm-house," "A Bayonet's Reason," "The Black Lace Basque," "A Tryst," "March of the Warrior Dead," "A Keepsake," "Watering the Rose-tree," "Mile Lolo's Mission," "Zenas F. A. Young, M.D. probably went to the Dead Letter office if it was underpaid in postage."

SPRING FEVER. Quinine is not harmless by any means, yet is a most admirable medicine.

PETER M. E. In answering a young lady say "Dear Miss" or "Dear Madam."

ARMADAEUS. The title of "United States" was adopted by the Continental Congress Sept. 9th, 1776.

X. Y. Z. The name is H. H. The sketches are held subject to order.

L. C. G. Will send. Supposed you had been receiving paper all the time.

KITTY LAWRENCE. Buffalo Bill is married, and has been for half the years of your life. He is now just off for the Far West.

OBED 2d. Keep the peace if you can. Stepmothers are sometimes more loving and considerate than real mothers. Try her for awhile before leaving home.

SANSOM ST. Our papers are not served by "carrier" in Philadelphia, like the local papers, but by the post-office carriers. Simply give us the house address.

AMY MARSH. Rather late to plant Japan lilies to flower this year. Plant, however, and the bulbs will make a fine growth for next year. These lilies are *hardy*. Don't lift them from the ground after once planted, unless they become too thick in the bed. Give them a dry (or well drained) planting place, and use no ashes to manure them, at any time.

YOUNGSTOWN TOM. A lady, of course, has a right to refuse a gentleman's invitation to ride with him without giving her reasons for the refusal. It would indeed be to her advantage for you to demand an explanation. The refusal, unless very rudely given, ought not even to annoy you. Treat her as a gentleman should treat a lady when you meet her.

STILAS WARE. Turkey in Europe is the Sultan's own immediate empire. Turkey in Asia (Asia Minor and Palestine) is tributary, and is governed by appointments from the Sultan or his grand vizier. Egypt is a vassal state of the Sultan, and is acknowledged much the character of an independence.

SHARPE'S RIFLES. Service in the U. S. army can only be obtained by enlistment. No soldier can become "an officer" save by commission. The grades of sergeant and corporal are open to promotion from the ranks. Sometimes, for specially gallant service, a soldier is given a lieutenant's commission, but, as all officers in the regular army are qualified by a severe course of military and engineering instruction at West Point, it will be very difficult for an ordinary soldier to do duty up to the required standard.

DON SANKO. Brazil is a vast country, very thinly peopled, doing a large trade in hides, coffee, etc. It is only desirable as a residence for those who prefer a hot climate and can adopt Portuguese modes of life. As to its advantages for a "young man" we should say only that there is some secured employ. A stranger there would have trouble to get along, especially in the forests, for the natives speak Spanish or French. It is our opinion that if you watch for your opportunity here you will find it. If Cleveland don't supply it look for it in some other city. The passage to Brazil will cost you a steamer from New York, about two hundred dollars.

ISADORA writes: "I am about moving to my summer home, where I drive a great deal in my own phaeton, having a pretty man of a pony. I would like a question decided for that has troubled me for two seasons past. Is it, or is it not, proper for me to invite gentlemen friends, who may be boarding or visiting in the neighborhood, to ride with me? And is it correct for me to call for them, or should they come to my house, to accompany me?" It is perfectly proper for you to invite gentlemen to occupy a place in your phaeton, and quite correct for you, having set the time for the drive, to call for them.

R. J. MURPHY. For Trumbull. Obtain a tiny camel's-hair brush, such as is used for water-color painting; also, some powdered niter (saltpeter) and a small vial of glycerine. Dip the brush in the glycerine, and with it moisten the freckles; then dip it in the niter and apply the powder carefully to each spot. In the morning wash off with fair water. Repeat this process nightly perseveringly, and you will find it an excellent remedy.

THERESA and JOE-JOE, Boston, write: "Is mesmerism a natural gift, or can it be obtained; if so, how and where can it be obtained by any person? Can love at sight be obtained by the use of it? Do you pretend to read any person's character by their handwriting? If so, please tell what mine is. What do you think of my writing for a girl of sixteen? If a gentleman of seventeen will write me a girl of sixteen, telling her he loves her, if she loves him would it be wrong for her to express it? Mesmerism is a natural gift, or is it a talent that is cultivated before it is of much avail to its possessor. However, we do not think researches into that "ism" will at all benefit you, and advise you to let alone. Some 'love at sight' people will tell you it is only a fancy. We do not pretend to read character by a person's chirography—but we should say your character was not yet fully formed. Your writing is pretty." A gentleman once remarked better spend his time perfecting his lessons than writing sentimental poetry, and the "lady of sixties" had better consider the poet to be the flames.

THOMAS BRADLEY, Oakland, writes: "Suppose a young lady's name is Lottie Kies, which is proper for a young man to address that young lady by Lottie or by Miss? Unless the gentleman is a near friend, and the young lady has expressed her consent to the same, that young man should address her as Miss Kies. Neither of the two bruisers mentioned is 'the best man.' They have not yet been able to settle their respective merits. The less interest taken in such characters the better."

MINNIE W. writes: "If a lady goes to church unattended, and while she is there a storm arises, and she is not prepared to leave, what should she do, calling upon a gentleman acquaintance present, who has no other engagement, to act as her escort home? There would be no harm in the act you suggest. A lady may with perfect propriety, and a gentleman acquaintance's protection when needed; and a gentleman should be happy to do so."

T. B. Unless a gentleman is upon very intimate terms with a lady, and has had previous notice, he should not think of addressing her by her given name.

WM. J. CORDEY, Nyack, writes: "If a gentleman engages himself to a girl and then finds that he does not love her well enough to marry her, how can he free himself from his promise honorably? Not at all; but you can explain the matter to the lady, and, if she chooses to give you back your freedom, avail yourself of her offer."

TILLIE M. The prettiest *mouchoir* case to make for your gentleman friend will require two half-yard squares of silk or satin—dark silk, or white. Over a sheet of cotton, quilt the pink satin in tiny, double-lined diamonds. In the same way do the white satin. With delicate sachet-powder between, bind the two pieces together and finish inside and out with quilted satin ribbon. Double the four corners evenly to the center and complete with

THE MARCH OF THE WARRIOR DEAD.

BY T. G. HARRAUGH.

In many a valley broad and fair—
On many a hill-top plain—
The warrior dead of olden times
Spring into life again.
I see the gallant columns form,
I hear their martial tread;
Oh! what a sight for mortal eyes—
The march of the warrior dead!

They rise who fought with Cour de Lion
In Palestine, and well;
The steel-clad knights of Agincourt
March with the men of Teill,
And yonder comes a giant host,
Immortalized by pen;
Six hundred spears are shining in
Thermopylae's dark glen!

Behold! amid the flow'rs that bloom
Upon Arabia's banks,
A spectral Alexander forms
His Macedonian ranks;
And as the mighty columns wheel,
A distant bugle calls;
And thirty thousand Austrians march
From Prague's beleaguered walls!

The earth is shaking 'neath their tread,
As it hath shook before,
And fast before the boreal blast
Fly sounds of northern war.
Ten thousand swords amid the snow
Do shine like drops of rain;
There Charles the Twelfth is marshaling
His valiant Swedes again.

What corral guard is trampling down
The slender blades of grass,
That have been green for centuries,
In old Mongolia's vastness?
Their tread is faint, on Freedom's heath,
And, smiling, turns to see
The men who broke the Austrian yoke—
The men who would be free!

Whence come those ranks that o'er the field
With martial step deploy?
They are the gallant Irish lads
Who won at Fontenoy!
Each man a man with wrongs to right
In battle's gory brunt;
They shout! they charge! 'twas thus they broke
Old England's vaunted front.

Now yonder come ten thousand steeds—
A whirlwind on its course,
And Maslin's leads once more
His wild Numidian horse.
From many a field where lilies bloom
Upon the breeze a breast,
Full twenty thousand Frenchmen ride
Behind Muret's white crest!

Oh! what a sight! my heart beats fast,
Mine eyes grow moist with tears;
To see those ranks is worth a life
Of twice ten thousand years.
Hail! there they fade, like specters grim,
Across the length'ning plain;
Now they are gone—these gallant ghosts—
Back to the dead again!

The Men of '76.

SCHUYLER,

The Patriot Without Reproach.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

PHILIP SCHUYLER'S very name always excites admiration. With qualities of head and heart that endeared him to the people, his patriotism, energy and sacrifices commended him to the whole country; and now, when time has wrought its compensations and bestowed its verdicts, he takes his place in our Valhalla as one of the most sincere, able and honorable men of the Revolution.

Schuyler came of one of the oldest and most influential families of the old Dutch regime, which, settling on the upper Hudson, gained and retained great influence over the Mohawk Indians—an influence which, during the Revolution, Philip Schuyler used with vast benefits to his people. He was born in Albany, Nov. 23d, 1733, but his father dying while Philip was yet a lad, he was adopted by his uncle, Colonel Philip Schuyler—grand proprietor of lands on "The Flats," where Saratoga now stands. He was, as became one of his birth and wealth, well educated, and developed early into a man of unusual parts. When the old French War centered around Lake Champlain he entered the service, and forming an intimacy with young Lord Howe, was made, by that gallant soldier, commissary to the army—a most important trust for a young man of twenty-two. His efficiency attested the wisdom of the choice. In the campaigns, which reflected so little glory to the British arms, (see our sketches of Putnam and Stark), he was ardently employed, and it was his melancholy duty to bear the dead body of young Lord Howe to Albany, for burial. Over the Mohawk Indians he alone possessed control, and during the war he was constantly watching over the fierce red allies.

Schuyler lived in much elegance on the great estate at Saratoga, which came to him by his uncle's death, and when the "troubles" with the mother country began to assume portentous proportions the patriots found in him a zealous friend and champion. The royalist influence of the Johnson family filled all of central and northern New York with Tory partisans, and Philip's two elder brothers espoused the Royal cause; but, he never wavered in his sympathy for the rights of the colonies. His fine house became the rendezvous of whigs; and as the cause, under the inspiration of patriotism, grew in favor, Schuyler was looked to for leadership. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly—a body then composed of only a few men, chosen by the land-owners, to serve for a term of seven years. In this body his views were so pronounced, and so much in advance of the conservative and timorous king-serving policy of the majority, that he was a recognized "rebel" long before the call for action came.

To the Continental Congress which met at Philadelphia in May, 1776, he was sent as delegate from the upper counties, and hardly had he taken his seat when he was named third Major-General on the new army list, with orders to assume sole charge of the whole northern department—to organize it for offense and defense—a herculean task, from which he did not shrink, and to effect which he did not hesitate to draw freely and constantly on his own property, means and personal influence. He threw all upon the altar of patriotism—making sacrifices that no man in all that host of patriots could emulate.

Repairing to Ticonderoga he began the work of making order out of chaos. The invasion of Canada having been ordered by Congress, (see sketch of Montgomery) he labored to arrange for that great adventure, but was so overcome by incessant duty that his health gave out, and he left the expedition to go forward under Montgomery's command, while he himself returned to Ticonderoga to attend to the multifarious interests of the department. So many discouragements literally flooded him—the recruits coming forward were so insubordinate, and their officers so new to service and command—Congress expected so much and yet did so little, that, broken in health, Schuyler intimated to Congress and to Washington his wish to resign. The correspondence that ensued reflects the high consideration in which he was held, and he was so encouraged by hopes and promises that, sick as he was, he continued the work of the department.

The sad reverses in Canada, due to the terri-

bly inefficient manner in which Congress had sustained the two expeditions of Arnold and Montgomery, served to bring discredit on Schuyler—an impression Congress unwittingly fostered by appointing General Lee to the command in Canada, and when this General was soon re-ordered to the new department of the South, General Sullivan was assigned to Canada—without consultation with Schuyler. And, later, when Sullivan brought back from the North only a defeated remnant of the forces dispatched to Canada, he was met at the frontier by General Gates, who bore orders to supersede him, and Gates actually took command of an army now in Schuyler's own posts, yet held himself amenable to no orders from the department commander! Such was the manner in which Congress, with its multitudinous partisanship and numerous intermeddlers, overrode all military orders and personal rights. It was Schuyler's fate to be the victim of this incessant interference by Congress; and he was only held in his place by Washington's personal petitions not to abandon his work.

When Burgoyne came down from the North Schuyler had but the merest skeleton of an army for the emergency. His troops had been drawn off to other quarters and he was left to confront his adversary with such militia as the adjoining provinces could and would contribute. How he labored in those months of the summer of 1777 to gather troops and supplies, to strengthen fortifications, to increase his artillery, his correspondence with Washington, with Congress, with the State Governors, a torrid painful evidence. Burgoyne reached Quebec in May with an army of over seven thousand men, composed largely of British veterans and German emissaries. To this General Carleton added over three thousand Canadians and Indians. The British artillery was by far the finest yet seen on the field, and every appliance was complete. The design was to move by two columns down upon Albany, and there effect a junction with Sir Henry Clinton's forces holding New York—thus severing the New England States from the Middle States, and by actual possession restoring the loyalty of New England—a well-considered plan, but underestimating both the American power of resistance and the people's devotion to their cause.

June 20th, Burgoyne's army encamped at the river Boquet, on Lake Champlain. June 30th he was at Crown Point, and proceeded with all dispatch to invest the fortress of Ticonderoga, then held by General St. Clair, with three thousand troops. Mount Defiance, a high commanding the fort, was seized by the enemy, and St. Clair abandoned the old fortification on the night of July 5th. The enemy struck the retiring column and a fierce conflict ensued. The Americans were defeated, losing nearly one thousand men, much stores, baggage, etc. St. Clair, with the remnant of his forces, reached Schuyler's camp, at Fort Edward, after a painful march through the woods, July 12th. Burgoyne then pressed on to Skeneboro, and Schuyler, abandoning Fort Edward, retired to Saratoga and beyond—obstructing all the roads and destroying all bridges as he retired. Burgoyne followed, and on July 30th his advance reached the headwaters of the Hudson at Fort Edward.

Burgoyne's auxiliary column under Col. St. Leger proceeded, by way of Oswego, to Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk (Aug. 3d). This, by aid of Sir John Johnson's forces of Tories and savages under Brandt and Red Jacket, he hoped soon to capture, but his brave defense by Col. Gansevoort held the enemy at bay and gave opportunity for aid. General Herkimer, with eight hundred men, hastily gathered in Tyrone County, hastened to Gansevoort's relief, but was ambushed, Aug. 6th, at Osnansky, eight miles from the fort, and a terribly fierce combat resulted to the advantage of neither party. St. Leger pressed the siege more earnestly. The delay to reach Albany, according to Burgoyne's plan, must greatly disconcert that plan; but Gansevoort well knew that surrender simply meant massacre by the savages, whom the British could not control. Schuyler, pressed though he was by Burgoyne, and needing every man, could not hesitate to relieve Fort Stanwix, so dispatched Arnold, Aug. 20th, with eight hundred men, to succor the post. By artfully disseminating reports of his great strength, Arnold succeeded in so frightening St. Leger's Indian allies that they fled, and St. Leger himself, deceived by the ruse, left the ground so hastily (Aug. 23d) as to abandon even his guns, brought forward from Oswego with much labor; and Gansevoort sallied out to capture camp, guns, stores, and the enemy in considerable numbers. St. Leger continued his flight to Oswego; and thus failed Burgoyne's scheme for compelling Schuyler to fall back below Albany.

Of the attempt made by the enemy to penetrate Vermont we have already written. [See sketch of John Stark]. The glorious news of these two British defeats—of Burgoyne's great straits for food, and Clinton's failure to ascend the Hudson, to co-operate with the invader, gave assurance of the victory soon to come—a victory which, alas for Schuyler, another was to appropriate.

The continued reverses to our arms in Schuyler's department excited men in and out of Congress to clamor for a change. Washington had unimpaired confidence in the New Yorker, and counseled no change, but the disturbing influence secretly fomented by Gates (who, having found his authority at Ticonderoga subsidiary to that of Schuyler, retired in anger to Philadelphia, to air his grievances), carried the day, and Schuyler was summoned on the morning of August 10th to receive the "resolves" of Congress, which summoned a court of inquiry to investigate the affairs involving the loss of Ticonderoga—that being the covert method adopted for placing another in command. This indignity wounded the proud heart sorely, but with a patriotism above all personal considerations, he resolved to do his duty to the last moment, and when his successor arrived, in the person of General Gates, August 21st, the harvest was literally ripe for the sickle. Says Irving:

"Colonels Livingston and Pierre Van Cortlandt, forwarded by Putnam, were arrived. Governor Clinton was daily expected, with New York militia from the Highlands. The return of Arnold with troops and artillery was daily expected, and Lincoln with the New England militia. At this propitious moment, when everything was ready for the sickle to be put into the harvest, General Gates arrived in camp."

Schuyler retired to Albany—his own fine manor house and estates now being within the enemy's lines. He gave to his successor all aid in his power, knowing none of the mean jealousy which was Gates' most serious defect of character. When Burgoyne capitulated none rejoiced more than the man who had been defrauded of the credit of that culmination of the campaign. To the commander-in-chief, and to all discerning men, Schuyler appeared nobler in his retirement than Gates with another's laurels on his brow.

Schuyler's conduct of his department was "investigated," and a report made that re-dounded greatly to his honor; but, though solicited by Washington, and others in authority,

to resume his command of the northern department, he refused all further offices of trust under a Congress whose ears had been only too open to calumny and false report, even against the august Washington himself.

The British had shamefully devastated his estate at Saratoga. His mansion and all it contained were given to the torch; his stock he had already consumed to feed his own army; his means he had contributed with splendid freedom to the army's needs, and he returned to his home to restore, by years of assiduous devotion, his greatly impaired fortune.

When the Federal Constitution was before the people and Assembly for adoption, he threw all the weight of his now very great personal influence in its favor, and was chosen one of New York's first national Senators. He was ready and foremost in all schemes of public interest and improvement, and his elegant hospitality made his home a rendezvous for men of note.

Schuyler's last years were darkened by great domestic affliction. First his wife, whom he loved with deepest tenderness, was taken away; then his daughter, the beautiful Mrs. Van Rensselaer, died; then his eminent son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton, perished in the duel with Aaron Burr; and under these accumulated sorrows he sunk—dying November 15th, 1804.

Without a Heart:
OR,
WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY,"
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT HOME.

The day following the horseback ride, a sailboat put into the Wildside pier, having in tow the little boat Eve.

To the surprise, and I may say disappointment, of Eve, Clinton Clarendon was not the occupant of the little craft, but, instead, a negro stepped ashore and approached the mansion, bearing in his hand a note.

A few moments more and Eve held the missive in her hands. It simply read:

"Mr. Clarendon's compliments to Miss Erskine, and begs to return to her the little water waif."

"At another time Mr. Clarendon hopes to have the pleasure of accepting Miss Erskine's kind invitation to call."

"Say to your master, please, that whenever agreeable to him we will be glad to welcome him at Wildside, and thank him, for me, for returning my boat. Now go to the kitchen and get your dinner before you return," and while the negro turned away, bowing politely, Eve again took up the note.

"Yes, it is his writing. How I would like to question this man regarding him; but I dare not."

"Ha! I will invite him to the mask-ball, next week, and then, from his own lips, I will learn all."

Crossing the room to a small writing-desk, Eve sat down and wrote, on delicately-tinted paper:

"Colonel Erskine and his daughter will be pleased to have Mr. Clarendon's company next Thursday evening to attend a mask ball, given in honor of Miss Erskine's birthday anniversary."

"Will Mr. Clarendon, under existing circumstances, pardon the late hour at which the invitation is given, and accept Miss Erskine's warmest thanks for the return of her lost boat?"

Calling a servant she told him to give the note to the one who had brought the boat, and putting on her new hat, she went forth to join Colonel Erskine, who was fishing off the end of the pier.

"Well, Eve, you have come down to keep an old man company?" said the colonel, pleasantly.

"Yes, sir, I have come to enjoy a while in your pleasant company. You see that Mr. Clarendon has returned the boat?"

"Yes, it was kind of him; but I am sorry he did not come himself, as you expected he would."

"He wrote that he hoped soon to visit Wildside, and I returned by the bearer of the note an invitation to the ball."

"Right, my daughter; and he must come prepared to spend the night with us, for he lives some twenty miles away. I will tell his man to express my wishes to him in that particular."

Eve more was said the servant approached, and Colonel Erskine gave him a message for his master, but learned that it was the intention of Mr. Clarendon to sail down to the city next week, and Eve felt that her meeting with the man she so desired to see must yet be postponed.

As the negro sailed away, heading down the coast, and happy in a liberal fee bestowed upon him by the generous owner of Wildside, Erskine turned to Eve, and said, slyly:

"Mr. Clarendon will be another string to your bow, Eve."

"Perhaps so, sir; he is certainly a very handsome man."

"And so is Captain Lambert."

"True, sir, and he is also a very good man, and I like him exceedingly," promptly answered Eve.

"I do not doubt it; rumor says that you love him."

"Indeed, father! why I did not know that I was more kind to Captain Lambert than to a half-dozen others."

"Still, a dozen persons, ladies and gentlemen, have asked me if you were not engaged to the captain."

"Why, father?"

"True, Eve, and it is the general belief in the neighborhood."

"There is not a word of truth in it, sir; I certainly should not have a secret from you."

"I like Captain Lambert and a number of others, but I love none of them," and Eve spoke earnestly.

"I am glad to hear it, Eve, for I do not wish you taken from me—at least yet awhile."

"There is no fear of that, my dearest father. The man I expect to marry is certainly not here."

"Now let me ask you how you like my masquerade costume?"

"Exceedingly—the dress of a Persian girl will be most becoming to you."

"Under the sad circumstances of the year past, I would rather not have had Wildside a scene of dancing and merriment yet awhile; but then, the many kindnesses shown us by our neighbors, made me feel that we must give an entertainment in return."

"It was for my sake you did it, sir, and deeply do I feel your kindness to me; but come, the waters are as smooth as glass so let us have a row in my little boat."

"We might as well, for a poor fish has been

hanging to my hook for ten minutes, and I in blissful ignorance of the favor done me."

So saying, Colonel Erskine and Eve entered the row-boat, and seizing the oars, the maiden sent the little shell flying over the quiet waters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MASQUERADE.

BRIGHTLY poured the moonlight down upon the grand old mansion at Wildside, and from every window and door came a stream of gaslight, to rival the silvery radiance of the "queen of night."

Rapidly there rolled up to the door carriage after carriage, bearing loads of ladies and gentlemen from the neighborhood for miles around, and all dressed in some fantastic costume, and wearing upon their faces impenetrable masks.

In the spacious hallways, the commodious parlors, and the grand old library, congregated the masqueraders, who soon, to the strains of sweet music, were tripping "the light fantastic," or otherwise enjoying themselves.

A few elderly gentlemen and their wives were all that had come unmasked, and at the doorway stood Colonel Erskine, his handsome, genial face unhidden beneath silken folds, for he was to receive his guests.

At length the last carriage rolled up and deposited its human freight before the marble portal, the last horseman had arrived, and Colonel Erskine turned away to join a whist party in one of the smaller sitting-rooms, leaving the masqueraders to their own enjoyment.

Presently a dark form ascended the broad steps, cloaked and masked; but from whence he had come none of the loungers around the doors and windows knew, for he had not been noticed until his foot was upon the step.

Meeting him at the doorway, the servant in charge ushered him into the gentlemen's dining-room, and a few moments after he appeared in the rooms below—a tall, elegant form, clad in the uniform of an officer in the United States army.

None appeared to know him, and quietly he stalked about the rooms, attracting general attention and admiration, but totally disguised beneath his black silk mask, which fitted his face closely.

At length he seemed to attach himself to a maiden in a Persian costume—the handsomest dress and form in the room; but, unable to solve the mystery of who he was, the fair Persian soon left her arm for a waltz with Captain Lambert, for though he wore a mask, all present told the officer that his uniform and form betrayed him.

Hardly had the waltz ended, when the strange masquerader stepped up to the naval officer, and said:

"There is an arbor in the orange grove to the right of the mansion—will you meet me there in half an hour? It is most important."

Though seemingly surprised at the request, the sailor replied:

"I will be there."

As if satisfied, the army officer went leisurely to the dressing-room, and resuming his cloak and hat, left the mansion and wended his way through the labyrinth of flower-bordered walks, until he came to a small orange grove, in the center of which was a rustic arbor.

Entering the summer-house, he threw himself upon a seat, and patiently waited for the person who had promised to meet him there.

Slowly the moments passed away, and then, quickly approaching, he spied the naval officer, the moonlight glistening on the lace and buttons of his uniform.

A moment more and he also entered the arbor, saying, somewhat haughtily:

"You desired me to meet you here, sir."

"Yes—the settlement of differences between gentlemen had better be done in a quiet way, you know."

"I confess I do not understand you, sir; your voice I fail to recall as before having heard, and I know of no difference between any man in this country and myself—at least, any of a serious nature."

"Mine with you, then, is of a deadly nature—I seek your life!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DUEL EN MASQUE.

STEPPING back quickly at the words of the strange man before him, the sailor laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, while he replied, calmly:

"Is this a part of the Wildside masquerade—or do you really mean what you say?"

"No dying man was ever more in earnest; I seek your life," replied the other, sternly.

"And why, may I ask?"

"You love Eve Erskine, and rumor says that you intend to marry her."

"Indeed! Rumor is most kind; but what if it were true?"

"Then I forbid it, and if you are not a coward, you will draw your sword and cross mine in defense of your honor and your love."

As the stranger spoke he drew his sword and stepped out into the broad moonlight, whence he was quickly followed by his foe, also with drawn weapon.

"I allow no man to call me a coward, sir, and hence I am willing to gratify your whim. Defend yourself!"

As the sailor spoke he sprang forward, and the two weapons came together with a ringing clang.

Instantly the combat became fierce and deadly, for both men seemed masters in the art of fence; but the stranger seemed the more powerful of the two, and handled his sword with savage earnestness, until at length he struck up the blade of his foe and drove his own gleaming weapon through and through the body of his adversary, who, clasping his hands to his head, tottered forward, and fell to the ground.

Thoroughly cleaning his sword, by wiping it upon the clothing of his fallen foe, the stranger wheeled and walked away, disappearing in the shadow of the park, just as a party of masqueraders came leisurely along, strolling toward the arbor.

A few moments more the two persons in front, a lady in a Persian costume, and a gentleman dressed as a Mexican *lanero*, started back in alarm, for at their feet lay the form of the dying man.

"Good God! he is dying—see, he is fearfully wounded," and the Mexican masquerader knelt beside the wounded man, just as the rest of the party, half a dozen in number, crowded up in alarm.

"Captain Lambert slain!" said the lady in the Persian dress, her tone one of horror.

"It is not Captain Lambert—but Paul Launcelot; see! We exchanged costumes," and springing to his feet the speaker tore aside his mask, and the face of Bert Lambert was revealed.

Instantly all was excitement; and, tearing her mask from her face, the Persian maiden revealed the beautiful features of Eve Erskine, while she cried, earnestly:

"Quick! gentlemen, for God's sake! See if his life cannot yet be saved."

"Bring him into the mansion, while I hasten to tell my father and Doctor Mayhew, who are playing whist together."

While Eve bounded away, followed by the other ladies, who composed the party, the several gentlemen, directed by Captain Lambert, tenderly raised the form of poor Paul Launcelot, and bore it toward the mansion.

Into a quiet chamber the wounded man was borne, and Dr. Mayhew at once examined his wound, and with a foreboding look turned away.

"Doctor, am I dying?"

"All started, for they had believed Paul Launcelot unconscious."

"You are badly wounded, Paul—"

"Do not evade me, doctor; am I not dying?"

"Yes—I dread to say that it is so," sorrowfully responded the kind-hearted man of medicine.

Seeing that his patient was rapidly sinking, Doctor Mayhew turned to Colonel Erskine, who stood near, and said:

"He has but a short time to live; would it not be well to at once learn from him who it was that gave him his death-blow?"

"You are right, doctor, for there seems a deep mystery over this sad affair that should be at once cleared up," and then approaching the bed, Colonel Erskine continued:

"My young friend, we all feel deeply for you, I assure you, and the one who has thus cut off your life, in the midst of joy, shall suffer the full penalty of his crime; tell us then why it is we find you thus wounded?"

"I can tell nothing; we met fairly in the duello, and I fell," with great effort replied Paul Launcelot.

"But, who was your enemy? who struck you down?"

"That—I can never tell. I—Oh, God!"

They were the last words that Paul Launcelot ever spoke, for the blood burst in a torrent from his mouth, and with a groan he fell back, a dead man.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

In dismay and sorrow the masquerade at Wildside ended, on that lovely moonlight night, for in the darkness of death one of the gayest of the gay had gone forth to traverse the dark valley, slain by the hand of a deadly enemy.

With white, scared faces, the fair maidens sought their carriages, escorted by men scarcely less pale and agitated—the scene one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it, for their gorgeous costumes were in strange contrast to their hushed manner and bloodless features, so lately wreathed with smiles, and ringing with joyous repartee and laughter.

At last all but a few gentlemen, whom Colonel Erskine had invited to remain and endeavor to solve the mystery of Paul Launcelot's death, had gone, and the grand old mansion seemed as quiet as the tomb.

In one of the upper chambers lay the dead planter, awaiting the arrival of his faithful family servants, who had been sent for, and nervously pacing the room, still robed in her gorgeous costume, was Eve Erskine, while Captain Lambert stood at an open window, his eyes alternately wandering from the cold form to the maidens, and then upon the moonlit scene without.

Approaching Eve, Captain Lambert remarked, sadly:

"Miss Erskine, do you know I believe, as a mystery hangs over the death of Mr. Launcelot, that I was the intended victim."

"You! Captain Lambert? What reason have you to so think?" asked Eve, in surprise.

"You remember that I changed costumes with Launcelot, and as we are the same in form, none present doubted but that the gentleman in my uniform was myself, and during the early part of the evening he told me, with a light laugh, if I had a lady-love he was assured he could impose himself upon her for me."

"I saw him with but one person—one officer in the uniform of the army, and that man no one has since seen, and as the duel was fought with swords, it must have been that he was the one who killed poor Launcelot."

"But what cause could he have had?"

"Of that I am ignorant; but I feel that Launcelot was mistaken for me—and, strange as it may seem, I have always had a presentiment that I would die in some such mysterious manner as has our poor friend."

Eve could reply, the servants of the dead planter arrived, and their wrailings for their poor young master touched every heart with most poignant sorrow.

From the mansion of Wildside, poor Paul Launcelot was conveyed to his own elegant bachelor home, from whence, after two days, he was taken to his grave, beside the tomb he had erected above his dearly loved parents.

A vast concourse of people followed the body to the grave, for not only was Paul Launcelot loved by all who knew him, but the mysterious cause of his death awakened an universal sympathy for his untimely fate,

FORTUNIO.

An Old Story with a Moral for the Times.

BY RUSTICUS.

In good old times of long ago,
When Romance dwelt with us below,
And Fancy had not given way,
Her rosy rule to Fact's dry sway;
There lived in some far unknown Eastern land,
A happy, social, prosperous family band.

Husband and wife, three daughters fair,
Five happy hearts without a care;
Three rosebuds blooming bright and free,
Sweet off-shoots of the parent tree,
The youngest is our heroine, and so
We skip the rest to paint Fortunio.

A mass of wavy ebony hair—
A skin of olive pureness rare—
With cheeks of faintest crimson dye,
A roguish mouth, a laughing eye,
Combining with her happy, winsome face,
A form of symmetry and perfect grace.

Life's but a checkered thing at best—
These felt the change among the rest.
First death, the father called away,
Then troubles sore beset their way,
Grim poverty besieged their humble cot,
And all the ills by poverty begot.

All bent beneath the cruel blow,
Except the young Fortunio;
Her spirits were too high and free
For rusting inactivity.
She had no time to weep, so dried her eyes,
Resolved by her unaided enterprise,

And willing heartily stout,
To from their troubles pull them out.
She shared her looks of flowing hair,
Exchanged for male her woman's wear;
To gain such fortune as she vowed she would,
Resolved to put away her womanhood.

For were not men renowned and great?
While women were content to wait.
Outside the gate that led to fame,
Compelled to hunt for humbler game—
To greater heights her roving fancy ran;
So she would dare the fate and seem a man.

What wonderful adventures she
Met in her bold knight-errantry—
What daring exploits caused her name
To sound through courts in trumps of fame,
Do not the minstrel-bards and poets sing;
She won the gracious favor of the king.

This king of all the stories led,
What in this case proved very bad,
A daughter, who, as you must know,
In love fell for Fortunio.
This would be well enough, in fact all right,
But circumstances changed the thing here quite.

Some reason—but I know not why—
The king loved most surely die;
The king pronounced the doom of woe
On unlucky Fortunio.
Like she whose lord offended great Pizzaro,
Condemned to bare her breast against the arrow.

But when her breast the soldiers bare,
Behold a white young bosom fair;
"A woman!" all the courtiers cry,
"Put up your bows, she must not die."
Of course the king, with monarch's usual wit,
Saw that the crime she could not well commit.

So he pardoned freely gave,
And very glad was he to save
So young and beautiful a life;
He gave her to his son to wife.
At last the greatest triumph she could show
Was gained by being *Miss Fortunio*.

All tales their moral have they say—
Ours has one in this latter day;
The female mind on breeches dotes,
Revolts against their petticoats.
The sanctuaries of the male in trade,
In politics, the pulpit, state and trade.

Be sure or do they what they will,
Be sure they will be women still;
Some accident will sure reveal
The soft white breast might can conceal;
In other words, their very womanhood
Will make their best success their greatest good.

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD,"

CHAPTER XXIX.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

The sun had been up for an hour, the next morning, when the tall aristocratic Mr. Morton went forth from the humble cabin of the miner. And when he left it was in company with old Ben, who blithely took his way toward the "Black Diamond," where he was still a valuable hand.

The stranger did not in the least seem ashamed of old Ben's humble, grimy miner's suit, nor of the plain, unpretending appearance of the hard-working old man. They conversed earnestly and socially together, until they reached the Mount Washington road. Here Ben struck across the hillside toward the mines, and Mr. Morton hurried on down the road, in the direction of the Smithfield street bridge.

When the stranger reached the foot of the road and stood on the abutment of the bridge, he paused a moment, and glanced up at the towering precipice of the coal hills. His eyes wandered about restlessly for a few seconds; but, finally, they settled on the black, cavernous opening of a mine. Just then a brassy figure stood by that far-away hole, but in a moment more had disappeared within the black depths.

Mr. Morton sighed gently, and then, almost instantly, a proud, triumphant smile flashed over his features. But, the smile passed off, too, and a serious, determined look settled on his fine face. Seeing, however, that he was attracting considerable attention from passers-by, he hurriedly turned about, and strode on over the bridge toward the city.

Just before he reached his hotel, at the further end of the bridge, he muttered, in an abstract manner:

"Very strange! wondrous strange! These mutations in fortune! Stranger still that these two characters should play roles in this mysterious drama! This difficult to forget past events. There's foul-play, double-dealing, rascality somewhere! It may be well to investigate the matter; something curious may be brought to light, for the man is a scoundrel, if one walks the earth!"

With these strange words, Mr. Morton passed on and entered the Monongahela House—no one paying any special heed to him.

This same day, after some searching about, which he did in a carriage and very leisurely, Mr. Morton engaged an elegant suite of rooms in a private house on Penn street, and had his numerous articles of baggage sent hither from the hotel. The stranger seemed to court privacy.

The conversation which was held the night before between old Ben and his visitor, was prolonged until far into the small hours.

"A vant the twal!"

And that conversation, though carried on in a low tone, was unflagging and earnest. In the course of it, several names familiar to the readers of this story were mentioned more than once.

At last, however, when the conference was closed, the stranger unceremoniously threw himself upon Ben's bed, and was soon wrapped in profound slumber.

"This needless, here, to detail the conversation of that night of surprise and joy to old Ben—

joy that once again he had heard from Tom Worth, his "boy."

We cannot wonder, then, after keeping such late hours, however good his company, that Mr. Morton looked somewhat haggard this morning, as he hurried into his hotel.

The day passed slowly away. After having had his baggage transferred to his room in Penn street, Mr. Morton occupied the time in writing, reading, and then, in overhauling several of his trunks.

With old Ben Walford the hours had flown swiftly, merrily away. He seemed like a new man, did this old miner, and those around him in the shafts and dark galleries of the underground world, noticed his changed demeanor, and paused more than once to hearken to his bold snatches of song, which now and then rung through the pit.

Old Ben was happy. Why should he not be? He had heard from Tom, and his "boy" had sent him a large sum of money!

And then, too, Ben had the promise of another early visit from the white-whiskered Mr. Morton, to whom it was evident the old miner had taken a wondrous liking.

Night had once more fallen upon the city and its suburbs. The raw autumn wind was blowing lustily, betokening by its chilly breath, the early coming of the winter. A racing squadron of leaden clouds was flying across the sky, and no moon or stars, save at long intervals, mirrored their silvery images in the bosom of the broad rivers hurrying by the dark city.

It was the night after the arrival of the mysterious stranger—the night after Fairleigh Somerville's induction as owner, into the princely mansion on Stockton avenue—the night after Richard Harley was led away from the lordly dwelling, lately his, to a humble home on Cedar avenue—led away by his dove-eyed, sad-faced daughter in black.

The hour was ten, and in this sober, staid little suburb of Pittsburgh—Allegheny city—the lamp-lighters were already extinguishing the gas in the streets; for, in this exemplary borough, lone in certain localities, the citizens had long since retired for the night, and there was no need of light.

The gas lamps along the quiet, unpretending Cedar avenue had ceased to fling out their glimmer for over an hour. But, in one small, humble house on this retired street there beamed forth a light. It came from a curtained window on the first floor of the little tenement.

Two figures, both brassy and athletic, crept cautiously along the lonely avenue. They paused once or twice to look around them, but only for a moment.

"I must—I must be satisfied!" muttered one of the men. "I cannot sleep until I have found their abode."

"Yes, yes, sir; I know your feelings, and—Ha! 'sh! 'sh! There, sir! there!" and the other sunk his voice to a whisper, even lower than that in which they had been conversing.

The first speaker paused and glanced across the street, in the direction his companion had pointed. He started as if shot, and trembling in every limb, sunk back against the fence which skirted the Common. But he gazed again.

Just opposite from these two men was the curtained window, aglow with light, to which we have referred. Standing in the broad flash, which sparkled from the window, was a tall, stately maiden, with a sad visage, her hair falling in disarray—her eyes red with weeping, her arms gently clasping an old man round the neck—the old man leaning motionless over the back of a chair.

In an instant, however, the maiden released her arms from the old man's neck, and going to the window flung up the sash, and drew the shutters hastily to.

The tall man without, who had staggered back against the friendly railing, slowly straightened up and whispered:

"Come, my friend; I now have seen! We must be gone."

The two hurried swiftly away from the spot toward the black-bosomed river. As they passed a single, solitary lamp, lit burning, as it were, by an oversight, the rays flashed upon them; but they were gone so quickly that he who came last was only revealed. He was an old man with a giant frame, hard-featured and honest-faced.

They hurried away, and in ten minutes entered a carriage on Federal street, and drove off toward the Suspension bridge.

The day following, about ten o'clock in the morning, an elegant carriage drew up in front of a lowly two-story house on Cedar avenue, in Allegheny city, and Felix Morton descended from the vehicle.

"Drive to the corner yonder and await me; I will come in a few moments," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the coachman, obsequiously.

Mr. Morton paused as the carriage drove off, and gazed covertly, half-pityingly at that unpretending tenement, now sheltering one who, in a former day, had boasted of his great wealth.

Just then old Ben Walford, staggering along under a huge basket, rapped at the little side alley. Ben had a holiday this morning from the mine, and a joyous glow was overspreading his face. It may have been that the holiday occasioned this; or, perhaps it was the result of the hundred pounds his absent friend Tom Worth had sent him by this same stranger.

The old man did not seem surprised at seeing Mr. Morton, though it was evident that the latter was startled at the sight of the miner.

"This is my offering, sir," said the old man, in a low voice, smiling sweetly and good-naturedly.

Mr. Morton did not answer; he simply placed his gloved finger upon his lips, and turning at once, walked up the steps and rung the bell.

Old Ben disappeared in the alley, and in a moment a glad, joyous voice—that of a female—was heard welcoming him warmly. Then there was a silence, and then a sob. Then old Ben's honest words were heard saying, sternly:

"Bear up, bear up, Miss Grace! You've friends still, and you see old Ben has found you, and he thinks more o' you than ever!"

Mr. Morton's frame shook. But, suddenly, shambling footsteps were heard within the hall; then the bolt was turned by a feeble hand. The door opened, and poor old Richard Harley, sad and worn, anxious and haggard clad in dressing-gown and slippers, stood there.

The stranger evidently had need to control himself; but, despite his efforts, he shook in every limb, and a yearning, sympathizing look came to his face, as his eyes fell on the ruined ex-iron merchant. But, he managed to force a composure to his face, and self-possession in his manner.

Mr. Harley himself started back as he saw the richly-clad stranger standing there; and, do what he could, a blush of shame came to his cheeks, and then a tear dimmed his eye.

Mr. Morton pretended not to see these traces of emotion, and said, with a bow:

"I presume this is Mr. Richard Harley?"

"Yes, sir, I am he. Walk in, sir. I am poorly established as ye, sir, but—"

"Not a word, Mr. Harley," interrupted the other, hastily. "Excuse me for not entering, sir. I am somewhat pressed for time to-day, and, as I have called on business, I'll be brief, sir."

He paused for a moment, Mr. Harley looking at him all the time with wondering eyes.

"My name is Felix Morton, sir," continued the stranger, hastily. "I have been empowered by a friend of mine—a former acquaintance, I believe, of yours, long months since—to hand you this parcel. I have guarded it carefully, sir, and now beg to place it in your hands, and I wish you good-morning, sir."

Mr. Harley took the parcel as one in a dream; but, before he could speak, Mr. Morton had gone.

The old man shuffled back into the room, and sunk in a seat. As soon as he could recover himself he tore open, with trembling fingers, the stout package or envelope. A sheet of paper fell out. The old man spread it open, and took therefrom several bank-notes.

With amazement showing in every feature—more as if he was dreaming than waking—the old man again spread out the sheet, and read the following:

"MY DEAR SIR:
"I have not forgotten your kindness to me, long ago, on the East Liberty road, when you took me in and sheltered me. And though I and my fortunes, since then, have been under a cloud, yet I have not ceased to remember you with gratitude, whatever your feelings have been toward me. Remember me—if you can conquer unseemly prejudice—to Grace, and assure her of my unchanging love. I enclose a sum which may serve to show you—though you are a rich man—that I am not lacking in gratitude. May God bless you under all circumstances, and may He bless Grace, too. I send this by a safe hand, and though many miles are before him, he will deliver it safely. You will know who I am when I sign myself—
Yours, with gratitude,
"TOM WORTH."

The letter fluttered down, and the old man gazed speechlessly at the four fifty-pound notes which had dropped from the parcel. And then, as a heartfelt prayer of gratitude was going up from his soul, he felt a hand laid gently upon his shoulder.

Grace Harley, as always, clad in black, was standing there, and her eyes were filled with tears—her lips were trembling, and a holy love and joy were filling her bosom.

She had read every line of Tom's letter!

CHAPTER XXX.

A LEGAL DOCUMENT DRAWN AT MIDNIGHT.

It was a dark night, just one week after the occurrences detailed in the previous chapter. But few lights were as yet lit in the streets of Pittsburgh, and over on the black crest of the Coal Hills everything was in absolute gloom.

Though the night was somber and dismal—though the beetling line of the Coal Hills was wrapped in darkness, yet, within the cabin of old Ben, the miner, a bright light was burning, brighter than customary.

The old man had company, and company which he evidently prized. The coarse shutters to the single window were closed and bolted, and the common curtain of calico was dropped before the narrow panes. Not a ray from the flaming lamp stole forth to let those outside know that there were wakeful eyes in this humble home of the miner.

Mr. Felix Morton had laid aside his overcoat, and was seated comfortably near the little stove. He was leaning his head slightly forward, and his face was overcast with a shade of deep, anxious thought. With this expression was mingled one of conviction and settled determination.

Opposite to him, his eyes bent intently upon his guest, was old Ben. It was plain that an earnest conversation had been held, and that now the pause was temporary.

"No, Mr. Walford," said the stranger, as if his mind was fully made up, "I am more than ever convinced that a most dastardly wrong has been committed. Ever since, on my arrival, I learned of this singular, this deplorable state of affairs, I have been thinking of the matter, and laying my plans. Fairleigh Somerville is a scoundrel of the deepest dye!"

"I agree with you there, Mr. Morton; but it seems very strange to me—though I am an unlearned man—that old Harley should be so dumb, sir—so unbusinesslike, as to let the fellow take advantage of him. You know, sir, that the old man did make a big fortune, and he must have had judgment and brains to do it."

"That may all be, but I have learned enough to know that Mr. Harley spent money recklessly—that he went security for irresponsible parties—that he lost thousands upon thousands of dollars upon ventures that were mere phantoms. Now, it is not a hard matter to imagine the old man as anxious to retrieve his fortune—to make his money back, you know."

There was a pause. Old Ben seemed struck with the words of the other.

"You are right, sir, right as you always are. I see through it now," he said, approvingly.

Then ensued a low conversation, which lasted several moments. At length old Ben said, aloud:

"Exactly; but how about the house, and—"

"I was going on to say, that this fellow, being aware of the financial condition of Mr. Harley, offered to advance the necessary money for the investment—this investment, as I remarked, a fraudulent one. He allowed the matter to go on from time to time, and then, finally, pushed the old gentleman for a settlement. There being no funds, this man took a lien on the mansion as his security. Do you see?"

"Exactly, Mr. Morton; that is, to a certain extent. But, you know, I am no scholar; and how, if this was a speculation matter, the old merchant couldn't see through it—as no returns, dividends, or whatever you call them, failed to come in?"

Mr. Morton hesitated, but only for a moment.

"With a man like Somerville," he said—"one who has such a smooth tongue and so plausible a manner—we can readily credit him with inventing reasons for anything. You know him of old. But the time will come!" and the stranger smiled grimly, though he continued at once. "You may be satisfied, then, that, in this matter, he blinded the old man. I am certain I am not far from being right. And till I probe the matter to the bottom! Justice to more than one shall be done!" and the stranger's eyes flashed as he spoke.

Old Ben glanced at him, pondered for a moment, and then said, slowly:

"You are right, Mr. Morton. I see it all plain enough now; and as you say, sir, justice must be done! I haven't forgotten old days and certain deeds! We'll work together, sir!"

"I have reckoned on you all along," said Mr. Morton, quietly, "and the sooner we work, the better."

"I am ready, sir, and waiting," replied old Ben, promptly.

A conversation, carried on in a low breath, ensued, lasting until a late hour in the night. Then Mr. Morton arose.

"It shall be so," he said, decidedly. "The work is hazardous, but we will do it. If we are detected—especially should we be wrong in our surmises—I will not deny but that we run

a great risk. But the stake is too great, and the probabilities too much in our favor, for us to withdraw from the venture now."

"You can count on me, sir, in any event in this or any other work." The old miner spoke very decidedly.

Another pause ensued, but the stranger soon broke the silence by saying:

"Be sure to call on Laurence to-morrow. I searched him out myself. You can approach him better than I can. I am satisfied that he is an honest man at heart, and has been the dupe of this scoundrel. See him and—why, you know, if money is needed, call on me. Be ready to-morrow night; I will reconnoiter the premises to-day. If such an evidence is in existence, it must be near his person. But, wherever it may be, we must have it. Good-night."

In another moment, having thrown his overcoat over his shoulders, the stranger opened the door and hurried forth.

When he had gone, old Ben approached the table, and drawing the lamp near him, examined closely the plan of a house rudely sketched on a sheet of paper.

"I can do it, if I am old and stiff!" he muttered. "And I half-way believe Mr. Morton is right. What a wonderful man is this stranger who brought me such good news of my noble boy, Tom!"

Then he extinguished the lamp; and, as a low chuckle escaped his lips, the old man sought his couch.

Another day dawned and passed away, and the shades of night gloomed again over the earth. A cold north-east wind was blowing rudely over the sleeping city; a drizzling, searching rain was falling, and the night was dismal in the extreme.

Long since the streets had been deserted; for, in addition to the cheerless out-door scene, the hour was late. The clock from a neighboring iron-mill had just struck twelve.

Suddenly, two figures, well wrapped in long cloaks, emerged from the shadows by the Fort Wayne depot, and took their way toward Stockton avenue. They were soon in this dark street. They paused for a moment and glanced behind them, and then ahead.

"We are near the house," whispered one of the men; "we must be careful. Did you see the man?"

"Yes, sir; he is all right—is an honest man, after all, and wants no money. He is anxious to be free from that villain; but for one week his hands are bound by an oath. He has a high opinion of an oath, sir."

"And I of him, on that account! He shall not lack for a friend when he needs one. But, come, we have work before us. Have your pistol ready. We must deal with villains, if other arguments fail, with powder and ball, and I solemnly swear that I will know the truth in this matter!"

"You are right, sir, and I am ready," was the quiet response.

Without another word the two walkers strode swiftly, though cautiously, onward. A few moments elapsed, when they suddenly paused. They were standing in the shade of the imposing Harley mansion, now the residence of Fairleigh Somerville, the millionaire. The men again glanced cautiously around them. Then the taller of the two gently opened the inner gate and entered the front yard. His companion followed.

They hesitated not, but took their way noiselessly to the curved archway, leading by an alley, to the rear of the dwelling.

The raw wind still moaned along the streets, and the cold rain pattered ceaselessly down. The men, bent on such a mysterious errand, soon stood in the yard or court to the rear.

"He sleeps there!" whispered one of the men, at the same time pointing to a window of a room on the second story. "An iron hook is below that window-sill; I know it well. Be guarded now, as you value life itself, and cast the ladder!"

The other, silently, and without replying, drew from beneath his cloak a coil of rope knotted with cross-pieces so as to form a ladder. He glanced up and measured the distance with his eye. Then, dropping the coil from his shoulders, he slung the coil slowly around his head several times, and then let fly.

But in an instant the rope rattled down again. Thanks, however, to the sighing wind, and the pattering rain, the ladder gave forth no sound as it fell.

Again the man flung the coil—again it came down; and again and again.

"Toss higher, and more to the right," whispered the other, who seemed to superintend matters.

The man obeyed. This time a half-cry of satisfaction escaped his lips, for the ladder had caught. The man tried it with his hand—then with his full weight. The ladder was firm.

"Let me go first," whispered the taller man, his voice beginning to be tremulous with excitement.

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a small revolving pistol, and placed it in his vest-pocket. Then he secured the long coil around his waist with a stout cord. He waited no longer, but grasping the side-lines of the slender ladder, swung his feet from the ground, and began the ascent.

In a moment he had reached the window. He gently unhooked the shutters and swung them noiselessly back. Then he tried the window. A joyous cry almost burst from his lips as the sash moved up without a sound, under his touch.

Beckoning his companion to follow him, the tall man placed his hands on the window-sill and leaped lightly into the room. Scarcely breathing, and not stirring hand or muscle, he stood still until the other below had flung his cloak around him over his shoulders, and securing it around him, mounted the ladder.

A moment, and he, too, was in the apartment, standing silent and motionless by the side of him who had entered first.

The room was in absolute darkness. The men listened intently. At first they could hear nothing; but, after a few moments, the long-drawn, heavy breathing of a sleeping man was borne to their ears.

One of the men took from beneath his coat a dark-lantern, and springing it on, paused. The straight flash of light gleamed out, and in an instant lit up the room. Among other things, it revealed the men who had come on this bold enterprise. But nothing could be seen of them save that their forms were enveloped in long cloaks, and their faces hidden beneath black masks.

The man who held the lantern slowly and cautiously turned the light around. At last its beams fell upon a bed. Lying on that bed was Fairleigh Somerville, locked deep in slumber. The tall man softly approached the sleeper's couch. His feet seemed shod with down—so noiselessly he walked. A moment, and he stood over him who slept so soundly. A wild, violent convulsion swept over his frame, and in a moment he had thrust his right hand into his bosom.

"Villain! your day comes! Its dawn is breaking!" said the masked man, in a hoarse whisper, as he turned off toward his companion.

ion. "He sleeps soundly," he continued; "we have nothing to fear; we'll wait!"

The men at once drew near the table. On this table were spread papers in wild confusion and disarray. While his companion held the lantern, the other—the taller man—leaned over and set to work to examine the papers hurriedly.

The sleeping man moved not, and naught was heard in the room save the faint rustle of the papers, the sighing of the wind, and the monotonous dropping of the rain.

Suddenly the man paused in his search, and, feeling back, gasped for breath.

Then he slowly pointed to a page in a memorandum-book which he had spread open.

"Read, read, my friend! Read the truth! for we have now conquered, indeed!" His voice was hoarse and hissing, yet still guarded, as he spoke.

The other leaned down and glanced at the scribbled lines; but he shook his head.

"Read it for me," he replied, in a cautious whisper, his words short and excited. "You know I am only an uneducated man and no scholar."

His companion drew him down, and in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible, he read:

"This day closes my advances for old Harley. I wonder if he has found out the ruse of the oil well yet? No. He can never find it out! And I now hold his fine mansion legally, for a loan of sixty thousand dollars! Ha! ha! And, in a week, I'll claim the house or the money. Nice speculation! Ha! ha! ha! And the old fool, nor his white-faced daughter, dream not of my revenge—oh! how sweet!"

The men uttered not a word. The one who had read the entry in the memorandum-book shook violently. The other looked on, and his brassy hands clutched each other viciously. The tall man pondered for a moment, and then whispered:

"We have conquered, and justice shall now be done! Ay, this hour! Watch him! If he moves before I am done writing, throttle him! Spare him not!"

He instantly seated himself softly by the table and drew toward him pen and paper. Then he began to write rapidly.

The other at once moved cautiously to the bedside and kept his gaze bent on the man who slept so soundly.

A moment or so elapsed, when he who was writing arose slowly to his feet. On the table lay a half-sheet which he had hastily written over. Without speaking to his companion further than to say:

"Be ready for anything!" he approached the bed at once. Laying his hand on the shoulder of him who slept, he said, hoarsely:

"Awake, Fairleigh Somerville! Awake, I say! Justice calls you!"

The speaker started

SPRING'S AWAKENING.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Again the pulse of Nature thrills,
And on her face the awakening smile
Beams gloriously on winter's frown,
Where drowsiness has sat the while.
Again the currents of her streams
Resume their living course and flow,
And rippling, dancing they rejoice
While mocking winter's tardy snow.

Again the meadows emerald green
All smiling in the sunlight lie,
And zephyrs with the grass-blades play
Beneath an azure, tranquil sky.
Again the trees are trembling with
Their new-born leaflets soft and pale,
While dowering shrubs in beauty bloom,
Hushed is the winter's chilly wail.

Again the blue-bird fits without
And seeks the scenes to him once dear;
He chirps and builds his nest again
In which his tender chicks to rear.
The robin, too, has left the south
To find the apple-tree again.
Which budding, soon will shower down
The petals of its bloom like rain.

The children happier never were,
Than on this pleasant day in spring;
The cloudless sky above them all,
And 'neath their feet sweet blossoming
Of thousand flowers' various hues;
The butterflies they chase all day,
Careless and free from field to field;
Who would not be a child in May?

When in the west the sunlight fades,
The cooling shadows gather round
And calm the brows of weary ones,
Till they with peaceful rest are crowned.
Again fresh vigor in the morn'
They find within Spring's balmy air,
The buoyant spirit gains fresh power,
And harmony dwells everywhere.

Nick o' the Night: OR, THE BOY SPY OF '76. A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIGHT AT THE DOUBLE OAKS.

ABOUT the hour of Nick o' the Night's departure from Marion and his band in company with the negro who had delivered the challenge, a solitary person rode from Wingdon Hall. The night was calm and the mellow rays of a lofty moon fell alike on horse and rider. The latter sat proudly in the rich saddle, and the dark eyes above the pallid cheeks were full of fire. An empty sleeve hung mournfully at his left side, and the bridle-rein lay lightly in his only hand. He wore a handsome cavalry saber, and there was a pistol in his belt.

After debouching upon the well-defined road that ran by the great gate, at the foot of the Wingdon estate, the lone horseman guided his steed toward the east, and rode in that direction in a walk. He did not seem in a hurry, for he even relinquished the rein and gave himself up to meditation.

At length the ride terminated, and the night rider sat in his saddle beneath the boughs of two giant oaks that grew like twins beside the road.

"I am here! Now let him meet me!" he said in a voice tinged with bravado. "If Nero finds him he will come, for I know his mettle. By George, the king! I have tested it."

The speaker was Lancaster Wingdon, and he waited with impatience for the hour of twelve.

We left him last on a bed of pain in the grand old mansion from which he had lately ridden. The reader will readily recall the battle in Wingdon Hall—the fierce conflict that cost the young Tory one of his trusty arms. Long days burdened with pain followed the events of that night, and long nights of restlessness tortured the young loyalist's mind. He had sworn that he would live—live for vengeance, and his determination to conquer death aided in his restoration. He watched his strength return with an impatience which he could not disguise, and when he could wield a saber again he shouted for joy. He practiced with the sword and the saber during his convalescence, his father, a good swordsman, becoming his antagonist in the mimic strife. Day after day the ring of steel resounded throughout Wingdon Hall, and the servants wondered why the crippled master practiced swordsmanship so incessantly.

When Lancaster Wingdon could mount his horse, when, with the reins over the pommel, he could ride through the Wingdon park and strike off limbs with the saber, when he could shoot accurately at full gallop, he penned the challenge and sent his favorite servant upon his enemy's trail.

Night after night he had ridden to the oak, where until midnight he had waited for the coming of the foe. He was inclined to doubt Nero's faithfulness at last; but the colored man was true; he was hunting for the formidable will-o'-the-wisp of the South.

Let us return to the young Tory and the night that witnessed the rescue of our youthful hero from the guns of the English dragoons.

He sat beneath the boughs of the double oaks counting the minutes, and listening intently. The least sound caught his ears, and a smile soon to be dissipated by a profound silence would wreath his lips in satisfaction.

At last there came a sound that could not be misinterpreted.

It was the noise of horses' feet, and the young Tory soon descried two figures advancing from the west. He hastened into the road, as if to bar their progress, for a voice which had fallen upon his ears told him that one of the riders was the slave Nero.

The horsemen continued to approach until, at sight of the immovable figure in the road, they drew rein.

"Massa Lancaster!" exclaimed the negro, frightened at the youth whom he had recognized. "De Lord bless us, dar'll be a battle here, suah!"

The silence of a moment followed the darkey's exclamation.

"I am here, Lancaster Wingdon!" said the white rider beside the slave.

"So am I!"

"The challenge found me in the midst of victory. Marion has overtaken Captain Mc. Clintock's detachment, and with the exception of a few who are dead, its members are prisoners-of-war. You want to fight me. I am ready; but let me tell you that the odds are in my favor. You have but one arm!"

"Which is equal to both of yours!" the young Tory replied, grating his teeth. "I fight with any kind of weapon, and you will discover that I am no mean antagonist. Of course you rode hither to fight me, and it is not necessary to brand you coward, bandit and murderer!"

Nick o' the Night's eyes flashed.

"No! I came hither to resent the insult which none but a Tory can give!" he cried. "Being the challenged party I select. The weapons shall be the saber; we shall retire eighty rods and charge each other at the same

moment. How do you like the plan of battle?"

"It suits me; but it gives you a chance to fly."

The young partisan bit his lip and grew pale beneath the cutting taunt of cowardice.

"When I leave this field it shall be as victor or in death," he said. "Lancaster Wingdon, dismiss your black, and let us seek our charging stations. I want no witness to this, our last battle, save the Great Jehovah!"

A moment later Nero was dismissed, and when he had retired from view the two duellists traversed the road in opposite directions.

At forty rods westward from the tree Nick o' the Night halted, and wheeled about, and saw his foe do the same in the distance.

There was a moment's silence when, as it had been agreed, Lancaster Wingdon's voice came down the road:

"Are you ready?"

"Ready!" was the response.

"Then charge!"

Two black horses struck at the same moment by sharp spurs darted forward like great cannon-balls, and the thunder of hoofs floated heavenward to die among the stars.

Closer and closer together they momentarily came, their young riders awaiting the terrible collision with flashing eyes and eager sabers.

Lancaster Wingdon had dropped the reins which at the start he gripped with his teeth, and his whole soul was in the fire of the moment. His antagonist sat in the saddle with body slightly bent forward, and a gleaming saber hanging idly, as it seemed, at his right side. But his eye was on the foe, and his long hair, streaming in the midnight breeze, caused him to look like a cavalier of the days of England's Charles.

Eighty rods were soon traversed by charging horses; the thunder of hoofs was of brief duration, for, in less time than I have described the positions and looks of the duellists, they met.

Met in the moonlight just beyond the branches of the double oaks.

A second before the collision Nick o' the Night sent his body backward like the rebound of a rubber ball, and when his saber, aimed at the young Tory's head, descended with terrible force, it met another blade sweeping like a battle-axe toward his own cranium.

The shock was gigantic—like the meeting of two knights in olden tourney. The black horses recoiled on their haunches, and the riders were almost lifted from the saddles by the colliding sabers.

They recovered almost simultaneously. "Go back to your charging station!" cried Nick o' the Night to his antagonist. "We must fight in this manner until yon southern moon shines upon a victory."

The look he received was full of hate and courage.

"I will fight till your sword cleaves my skull, or mine yours!" was the reply, and again the young duellists retreated for the charge.

The sole witness of the duel was the partisan's dog who stood in the shadow with his eyes on his young master.

"Hark!" cried Nick o' the Night to himself, when for the second time he had taken position. "Some person is coming from the south. He must not interfere in this affair of mine. By my life! it may be Marion!"

Then, almost before the name of his chief had ceased to quiver on his lips, he gave the command for the second charge.

Again the horses sprung forward, and approached each other like arrows. The blood of each seemed tingling in their veins, and their eyes flashed like the eyes of their riders.

Nick o' the Night heard the noise of hoofs in the south. He feared that the unseen person would burst suddenly upon the dueling ground, and directly between him and his foe.

The road that led to the south joined the main one at the double oaks, and the young partisan hoped to meet the Tory beyond that point.

To do this he drove the spurs into Santee's bowels, and leaned forward in his eagerness. Would he pass the mouth of the southern road before the new-comer could dart from it and fling himself between the two horses? He bent his energies to the accomplishment of his desires, but in vain!

All at once a dark object bounded into the dueling road.

It seemed to come from the lowest boughs of the oaks, and in the center of the road it paused and remained there like a mass of iron.

The young patriot uttered a cry of horror. He threw his body erect, spoke to his horse, and flung him back upon his haunches by a powerful jerk at the rein.

Lancaster Wingdon was not so fortunate.

Singular to relate, he had not heard the tread of hoofs in the south; the wind had been against him, and he was not prepared for the sudden appearance of the apparition.

Therefore, he bounded against it with the force of the thunderbolt; he rooted it from its seemingly immovable position, and with it went to the ground with a wild shriek of terror and despair!

It was a terrible collision, and Nick o' the Night's face was deathly white as he witnessed it. His ears had saved him; but he wished that he had passed the road in time and engaged his enemy. He believed that the man borne to the ground by Lancaster Wingdon was Marion himself, who had arrived on the spot for the purpose of putting an end to the duel; and the thought that his chief might be slain was enough to cause him to leap from the saddle, and hasten to the dark, struggling mass in the road.

The dog seeing his master's movement darted forward, and with a sharp cry of anger leaped over the prostrate horses and seized, by the shoulder, a man who was trying to rise.

"Whig! Whig! let go your hold!" cried the patriot, seizing the beast's shaggy coat, and tearing him rudely from his victim. "Touch no one here without my command!"

Abashed and sullen the dog slunk away; and from near the horses looked on the scene.

Two riders and their steeds formed a conglomerate mass in the moonlit road, and the patriot recognized the interloper with a strange cry.

"What! you here, Jotham Nettleton?"

"Yes!" was the response, which was followed by a groan. "Isn't it strange that we three enemies should meet here? My horse is dead; he is lying on my leg which is crushed. How is the Tory?"

Nick o' the Night looked from the trooper to his young enemy who lay still in the moonlight, his body half-hidden by the body of his horse, writhing in the pain occasioned by broken limbs.

"I believe he is dead," he said, and with the last word on his lips he approached the youth.

At touch of his hand Lancaster Wingdon did not move, and the patriot's eyes returned to the trooper.

"He is dead!"

"Then we have settled our accounts," and

the outlawed dragoon smiled. "But get me out of this, Nick o' the Night. I do not see that we should be enemies now."

"We are not enemies. Have you got the papers?"

"What papers?"

"Those which you took when you killed Hugh Latimer?"

"Yes," he said, after a pause. "They are in my bosom. Since that night I have been an outlaw. Colonel King's men have hunted me so have Marion's. But I'll soon be free. Nick, I want to see my sister."

The boy extricated Jotham Nettleton, and with great difficulty assisted him to a place on Santee's back. Then he left the tragic spot, and when Nero, trembling with fear, crept from his place of concealment, he found the dew falling on his young master's forehead.

The rivalry that had existed between Nicholas Brandon and the young Tory was ended. The cause of the King had lost another sword.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH WHICH OUR STORY ENDS.

"They may not come to-night. Are you certain that he said they would reach Azalea before dawn?"

"Quite certain, dearest Bertha. I left Marion's camp two hours since, and Helen was impatient to start."

The twain, Bertha Latimer and Captain Clayton, stood on the porch of the old mansion with anxious faces turned toward the road that ran by it—the road over which Tarleton had often chased Marion, and vice versa. They were alone. The young girl was still arrayed in mourning garments, and her companion wore the plainest undress uniform allowed in the British army. She looked strangely at him while he spoke, and then said in a low tone:

"So you have really left the service, Grey-cliffe?"

"Yes, Bertha; these Americans are fighting for freedom; their wrongs and their gallantry have won my heart. I have been to their camp. They fight not for money; their food is coarse, the earth their pillow. Such men make the best patriots beneath the stars. I can not fight against them. My resignation is written; it will be accepted. Let the king's men call me traitor, for they like! but so long as I live I will never redraw my sword against liberty in any land."

Despite her monarchical proclivities Bertha Latimer's face glowed with enthusiasm, while he uttered his declaration, and when the last had fallen from his lips she gently touched his arm.

"I shall be the last to speak against your change of heart," she said. "Grey-cliffe, though I love the king's cause, I do not love you the less for deserting it. If the Americans succeed in this struggle, we shall not suffer. God will bless us under Washington's banner, as he has under the flag of Saint George."

Captain Clayton was about to reply when the tramp of a squadron fell upon his ears.

"Hark! they come!" he exclaimed, looking at Bertha.

"Helen, my sister, at last!"

A moment later the clinking of sabers was plainly heard, and a troop of cavalry drew rein before the mansion.

Bertha Latimer darted from the captain's side, and embraced a young girl whom the leader of the troop assisted from the saddle.

It was Helen!

Once more the old mansion stood before her; but he whom she had long called father was not present to greet her return.

Perhaps it was well that he had been called to his account, for the papers taken by Jotham Nettleton from Azalea on the night of the master's murder, told her that he was a criminal. The great crime of Hugh Latimer's life was committed in the mother country. He wanted property, and after many base intrigues, sent a young widow and two children to sea. He sent villains off in the same vessel. The deed worked well. In the midst of a storm they scuttled the vessel—the Pilot. The mother perished; but the children lived. The girl fell into Hugh Latimer's hands; so did many thousands of pounds. The child was Helen—not Helen Latimer, but Helen Nettleton! He fled with his ill-gotten wealth to Carolina, where he lived in ease, raising Helen beside his own daughter, Bertha, as her sister. The widow's son also escaped the storm and the sailors' villainy. He grew to manhood, with a crown and an arrow, the crest of his house, in tattoo on his shoulder. He came to America in the king's service, and the reader has followed him through the thrilling scenes of our romance.

The papers taken from Azalea, told the story of Helen's birth, and condemned Hugh Latimer.

Jotham Nettleton did not ride to the old mansion with his long-lost sister. As the reader has seen, he was borne by Nick o' the Night from the dueling-ground. He reached Marion's camp, where, in the arms of the beautiful girl, so long separated from him, he breathed his warlike life away.

Marion's men made his grave and a devout partisan—for in those days men prayed as well as fought—prayed for the eternal repose of the dragoon's soul.

Helen's welcome to Azalea was cordial. The slaves were delighted to see the "young missus" again, and Marion and his men did not ride away until they had feasted at the tables where Cornwallis and Rawdon had drunk to the success of King George's cause.

When they did gallop off, it was with cheers for liberty, and Nick o' the Night, who had yielded to the arguments of sweet smiles to tarry at Azalea, more than half-wished himself among the gallant riders.

Our romance approaches its end.

Helen was overjoyed to find herself once more in the old house, and the sisters I was going to say, again looked love and delight into each other's eyes.

Very soon Dorchester was wrested from the enemy, and the British found themselves confined to Charleston and the neighboring islands. But one event threw a gloom over the country.

The brave Colonel Hayne—one of the characters of our story—was captured by the enemy; taken to Charleston, and basely executed. He was one of the noblest patriots of the South, and died like a hero—a martyr to the cause of American freedom.

By-and-by the last cloud of darkness passed from liberty's sky. A cry of rejoicing sounded throughout the land, for Cornwallis was taken, and the freedom of America secured.

Then Nick o' the Night sheathed his sword, and put the spurs aside; then Santee rested in the stables at Azalea, and Whig, his canine friend, slept in the shadow of his palmettoes. Then there was a double wedding at the old mansion, Marion giving one bride away, and Sumter the other.

Essex Wingdon returned to England with Lord Rawdon before the conclusion of the war, and no one regretted his departure.

Captain Clayton purchased the Wingdon estate, and long after the war a solitary man of

diminutive stature and a bronzed face often flitted between Azalea and the Hall.

It was Francis Marion, who dismissed his band when liberty no longer needed the service of their swords!

THE END.

Silver and Gold.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THEY stood together in the staid, old-fashioned parlor of the farm-house—Laura Payn and her lover, John Ellsworth. From this same room, nearly six months ago, had been carried the coffin of Laura's kind stepfather; and from the same spot, one week ago, went the coffin of her mother; and in this same room, in a very short time, John Ellsworth and Laura expected to stand for the ceremony which gave them to each other forever.

Had expected, I should have said. For these deaths had left Laura as the sole home-keeper, with a load of debt resting upon the little farm, and the care of two young sisters. It was a heavy burden for the shoulders of a girl of eighteen, but Laura took it up bravely, determined to sacrifice all her own life and prospects rather than betray her trust.

She sent for John, and told him what was before her, told him she could not and would not burden his life at its very outset with her weight of care. And offered him his freedom, or the alternative of waiting long years till her new duties were discharged, and she was free.

Long and earnestly John strove to combat her resolution. But Laura knew she had right on her side—she would not yield, hard as it was to resist him whom she so loved.

They stood together, John's strong arm about Laura's waist, her head resting on his broad breast, her long, rich brown hair, "gold in the sunlight, brown in the shade," falling against his shoulder, her soft brown eyes raised to the face which he bent over her, as he pled, almost for his life.

"No, John, no, dear," answered poor Laura. "You are noble and generous, but I will not, no, John, I will not drag you down and cripple your energies at the very start with this burden of debt and these two helpless girls."

"But you, a frail woman, can assume this burden which you think too great for a strong man!"

"John, it is my sacred duty—a trust left by my dying mother, and by my father, also, and I must fulfill it. No, John. Since you will not be free, we must wait."

"Oh, Laura, how long?"

"I don't know—long years, it may be—and perhaps not very many. I may succeed, and the girls, one of them, at least, may marry soon. But I will not have you bound, John. If you see another woman you can love, win her and be happy, as I would have made you, if I could."

"Oh, Laura, do you love me? Do you, Laura?"

"Do you doubt it, John?"

"No. But you put me clear away from you."

"Because I must, John, not because I wish to. Please don't make my duty harder. Leave me now, John."

"Very well, Laura. I go, then. And, Laura, remember, I am always yours. I shall never seek any other. If there is such a thing as true heart-mates, I believe we are such, and if I never win you, darling, I shall never call any woman wife. Now, Laura, one promise—will you give it to me?"

"Yes, John, if I can."

"It is this—when you feel yourself free to come to me, summon me to your side. I shall wait patiently until the summons comes, but I shall not seek you till it does. Will you promise to send for me?"

"Yes, I can promise that."

"God bless you then! I shall wait, hopefully and bravely as I can, for that day to come. And now, dearest, since you will it so, we must part."

They parted, "with sighs and tears, as lovers always do," and Laura took up her self-appointed task alone.

It was no light one. The farm was heavily burdened, and Rose and Lily were as helpless as two babies, or as the spoiled children they were.

But by patient industry, prudence and economy, Laura lifted the debt, little by little. When she had toiled for three years, Lily met with a fall upon the ice, and was left a crippled invalid for the remainder of her life.

In the spring after, the last payment was made, and Rose was married. Poor Laura had looked forward to these two events as the hour of her freedom, when she might call John to her, and let Lily live with them.

But, alas! Lily was a helpless, fretful, expensive invalid; John had not succeeded very well in business; she could not bring this burden into her home with him. No, she must wait longer. That patient heart tried to school itself to do so, but it was weary work sometimes.

Lily lived for nine long years, never able to do one thing for herself. "Young missus," she called her, "you realize what a task this was for Laura! And the brave patience with which she bore it!"

But at last Lily was laid to rest, and Laura was free. Meantime, John had gone to build up his fortunes in a newer country, and now Laura hesitated to call him back. She looked at herself in her glass. Care and thought and anxiety had faded her youthful beauty, and marked her smooth forehead with slight wrinkles. She knew that people called her an "old maid"—she was not the fresh young girl John had loved and wooed—could she offer him such a wreck of her fair, bright self? Perhaps he had found new ties in the new land—she could not have expected him to sacrifice his whole life to her. No, she would not disturb him now.

She was used to giving up her hopes and plans—it did not seem so hard now, to quietly accept the lot of an old maid, and settle down to a lonely, loveless life.

So, without a murmur, Laura resigned herself to her fate.

The winter after Lily's death passed, and the fresh, reviving spring came joyously into the land. One evening Laura sat in her little parlor, watching with pensive eyes the glorious sunset, when a footstep sounded at the front-door—rang through the hall—came to her door—and John Ellsworth, older, manlier, bronzed with honest labor, but otherwise just the same, stood before her!

With a glad cry Laura sprung to her feet. "John! John! Oh, John!"

He made one step forward, held out his arms, and the next instant Laura was clasped to the heart from which she had been parted thirteen long, weary years!

A little later John held her from him, and looked down deep into her eyes.

"Laura, you are free now. Why did you not send for me?"

"Oh, John, look here!" Laura lifted the gold-brown tresses of her still beautiful hair, and showed some streaks of silver shining amid the folds.

"Well, what of that?" asked John.

"Oh, John! see how faded and old I am. How could I ask you to care for me now?"

John folded her yet more closely to his true heart.

"You foolish, doubting, little darling! I didn't you know love never grows old! You have not grown older to me, dearest; you will always be the fair young girl I kissed my own so many years ago. What do I care for the 'silver threads' in your hair, or the lost rose from your cheek? It is the heart I want, dearest! That strong, brave, faithful heart which has borne so much. Say, darling, is the long waiting over at last? Shall we grow old together?"

And Laura, lifting her eyes as of old to John's face, bent so eager and earnest, with more than the love of youth, above her own, answered fervently:

"Yes, John! Together, forever!"

"Oh, what some power the gift to give us, To see ours. I's as thers see us."

Behold that pale, emaciated figure, with downcast eyes, like some criminal about to meet her fate! See that nervous, distrustful look, as she walks along with a slow and unsteady step. The pink has left her cheeks and the cherry her lips. The once sparkling, dancing eyes are now dull and expressionless. The once warm, dimpled hands are now thin and cold. Her beauty has fled. What has wrought this wondrous change? What is that which is lurking beneath the surface of that once lovely form? Does she realize her terrible condition? Is she aware of the woeful appearance she makes? Woman, from her very nature, is subject to a catalogue of diseases from which man is entirely exempt. Many of these maladies are induced by her own carelessness, or through ignorance of the laws of her being. Again, many Female Diseases, if properly treated, might be arrested in their course, and thereby prove of short duration. They should not be left to an inexperienced physician who does not understand their nature, and is, therefore, incompetent to treat them. The importance of attending to Female Diseases in their earliest stages cannot be too strongly urged. For, if neglected, they frequently lead to Consumption, Chronic Debility and oftentimes to Insanity. In all classes of Female Diseases, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a rival. No medicine has ever surpassed it. In "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," of which R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the author and publisher, is an extended treatise on Women and their Diseases. Under this head, the various affections to which woman is incident are carefully considered, accurately portrayed, and a restorative course of treatment suggested. Every woman, as she values her life and health, should possess a copy of this valuable book. If she be diseased, this "Adviser" will show her how she may be restored to health, and also direct her how she may ward off many maladies to which she is constantly being exposed. Let every suffering woman heed this timely advice and see herself as others see her. Price of Adviser \$1.50, (post-paid,) to any address.

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A BAD FIGHT TO FACE.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

The eye once said unto the ear,
"You're stuck up mighty high,
You needn't be stuck up so much,
Though you are higher than I."

"For from aloft you hearken to
All stories that may come,
And every scandal on the breeze
Is music on your drum."

The nose turned up and viewed the eye:
"You'd better go to sleep,
I'm sure I never liked your looks—
In neighbors' ways you peep."

"You only open to spy the faults
And sets of your compeers;
You need a hundred lashes more,
And should be drowned in tears."

The mouth then said unto the nose,
"What business, pray, have you
To poke in other folks' affairs,
As now I see you do?"

"Although before us you may go
You're sure to be the first
In every mischief that may rise,
And generally the worst."

"You need not sneeze, my friend, at this;
A grudge I long have owed;
I'd snub you, but you are too long,
So, Mr. Nose, be blowed."

The ear then said unto the mouth:
"Your teeth have many bit,
And you are full of words of spite,
Which you at others spit."

"You've got entirely too much lip,
I'm nearer to the top
Than you are; you are given to talk,
You'd better shut your shop."

And then an awful fight began
Which raged among them all,
The ear dropped down and blacked the eye,
The eye then fired its ball.

And knocked the nose clear off its bridge;
The nose then turned about,
And gave the saucy mouth a blow
That knocked its teeth clear out.

Viva's Life.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"VIVA!" such a name for a girl I never heard in all my life! I do declare, Mrs. Austin, but it seems to me that maybe if you hadn't called her such a fancy fly-away name, the girl wouldn't be such a fancy, fly-away creature herself."

Little Mrs. Austin leaned her pale, sweet face nearer the sewing in the machine, and a tender flush of loving pride, strangely mingled with sadness, reddened her thin cheeks.

"I like pretty names, Mrs. Elliott, and Harry wanted the baby called Viva, if it was a girl. Almost the last words he said were: 'I want the little one I never shall see, to be named Viva, if a daughter comes to you.' And I always did just as he said, and I am so glad I did, for I had him such a little, little while."

Mrs. Elliott winked hard; it troubled her rough, kindly heart to see how this patient little woman governed all her actions now—after seventeen years of widowhood as she had earlier—by what she thought the dead lover-husband of her girlish widowhood would have liked.

"I'm sure it's no business of mine, anyhow, Mrs. Austin, only I do venture to say and hope you will let the girl have her own head. She's as pretty as a picture—the very image of what her father was when he was a boy, and her ways are very gay and—and—well, I suppose, some folks would say bewitching—I say giddy and light-hearted. You be careful of Viva Austin."

A little glow of anger, so seldom seen there, flamed in Mrs. Austin's eyes, and a quick response of maternal indignance defense was on her lips; but the door opened, and Viva herself came in—truly a picture, from the pale gold hair that was the exact hue of sunshine, and that seemed all a-quiver in its burnished rippling splendor, to the dainty little foot, short, faultlessly shaped, high arched, and booted so shapely and plainly as it danced in and out under her black alpaca street suit.

Truly a picture—with the big darkly violet eyes, dancing, sparkling eyes, with their thin white lids, fringed by heaviest chestnut-gold lashes, and shaded by thick brows; with the exquisite mouth so temptingly suggestive of a lover's ardent kisses, in its smiling, dimpled, pearl-teethed loveliness; with the delicate complexion like a lily petal, tinged ever so faintly with the rare hue one sees inside a conch-shell.

So plainly, poorly dressed, yet not a vestige of lawdy finery about her, Viva Austin had inherited too much of her artist-father's taste for that; so cheaply, commonly dressed, and yet a very miracle of perfect physical loveliness.

And—fly-away! headstrong? impatient of restraint? If Mrs. Elliott had spoken truth, indeed God only could deliver her from the inevitable.

She came in, bringing the fragrance of the frosty outside world with her; with her quick, graceful step, and bowed to Mrs. Elliott with a *grande air* a duchess might have vainly imitated. Then, she threw off her plaid blanket shawl, and little felt hat and well-mended gloves.

"A letter at last, mamma—only think! and such news—oh! such perfectly glorious news! I am sure if Mrs. Carscallen had dreamed what happiness she has offered me she never would have kept me waiting so long. She wants me to come, mamma; she has sent for me to come!"

Viva's sweet, contralto voice was fairly vibrant with excitement, and her face one passingly sweet illumination.

Mrs. Austin's own eyes glowed, but she looked deprecatingly at the eager face before her—at Mrs. Elliott's, stern, unapproving.

"I dare say Mrs. Carscallen means you a very great kindness, dear, but do you think you had better go?"

Viva bent a puzzled look on her mother's face.

"Why, mamma dear, I thought it was all settled last fall when Mrs. Carscallen and—Miss Edith and—and all of them told you I had a good voice and it ought to be cultivated. Mrs. Elliott, wouldn't it be a shame for me to lose such a grand chance? Why, I'll be a great singer—a prima-donna maybe, and I'll earn, oh! such lots of money, and mamma shall come to New York and be so happy."

The girl's enthusiasm made her even more beautiful than ever, but Mrs. Elliott's smile was as cold as moonlight on ice.

"Such a giddy, ignorant child as you are, Viva. Of course your mother won't let you go, and I shall uphold her in it. To tell the truth, Viva, I think it isn't so much your high-flutin' music lessons you are after, as it is that black-eyed, mustached young Carscallen that used to be forever looking up in the choir when Elder Simmons was preaching."

A sudden vivid scarlet rushed in a tell-tale wave over Viva's face; then she crested her head in the haughty little way so common

with her—one of the half-unconscious faults that made people call her "too high-minded," "altogether too fly-away," "just like them Austins."

"Mrs. Elliott, you can have no excuse for speaking that way to me; I can trust mamma to advise and reprove me."

"And do you take her advice, Viva. I'll run on home now, I've wasted my time too long as it is. Don't bear me a grudge, Viva; nor you, Mrs. Austin; only consider what I say—that New York's no place for a girl as pretty as Viva."

The girl's blue eyes glittered as the door closed on the guest.

"Mamma, don't mind what that horrid old woman says! The idea of my not going to New York because I happen to be a little bit pretty, or because Mr. Ernest Carscallen is there. Mamma, of course I know Mr. Carscallen is a rich, handsome gentleman, who never will even think of a poor girl like me! And I do want to take singing lessons—oh! mamma, to me it would be almost as good as heaven to be a great singer—and, I am so tired—so tired of this little quiet town. Mamma—dear little mamma, you'll be good, and let me go, won't you?"

The girl's arms were around her neck in sweet coaxing, and her fragrant breath came in quick exhalations.

It was a moment of fateful doubt. On one side—maternal longing that this bright creature should soar above her companions by means of the gift Nature had bestowed—an unselfish desire that the child might be happy in her own way; and on the other, a vague half-fear to trust her from the wings that birded over the house-nest.

A warm kiss from Viva's red lips thrilled the mother—and decided her, as many a pulsing kiss from eager lips has turned the scale of decision.

"Viva, dear, I will let you go, if you are sure you are willing to accept all of Mrs. Carscallen's conditions. No—don't answer me yet, dear—for the eyes were laughing into her own, and the red lips parting breathlessly; 'think a moment longer. Are you willing to accept a position in Mrs. Carscallen's nursery as little Una's maid, in partial return for the musical instruction the lady is willing to give you?"

A delicious little laugh thrilled silverly on Viva's lips.

"Mamma, I believe I'd consent to be scullery-maid to go! And I'll write back at once that I'll be there on Monday."

The late twilight had fallen over the city, and a crescent moon hung in the clear dark-blue, and a big, luminous star shone goldenly near it, not brighter or more luminous than Viva Austin's eyes, as she lifted them shyly to a dark, handsome face bent very near her own—a face with a black, gracefully-curved mustache and smiling mouth.

"So you think then, little Viva, that it is too good to be true? I'm sure I ought to be the one to wonder at your preference for me. Honestly, I hardly expected you would answer the little note I sent to meet me here in the library at this hour. Tell me again you love me, Viva."

Mr. Ernest Carscallen lifted the girl's beautiful face, all dainty flushes, to his admiring gaze.

"Oh, please don't, Mr. Carscallen! I can tell you just as well if I don't look at you." The gentleman laughed softly.

"No, you can't! You shall kiss me, Viva! Kiss me, dear, because I love you."

He drew her to him warmly and pressed kisses on her sweet red lips.

"If it only could be so forever! But I must go, dear, now. And to-morrow night you'll be here again! Only take good care to destroy my little love-letters, dear, will you?"

He went away in the star-shine, so handsome and grand, and Viva's heart swelled with purest, sweetest rapture as she went into the big, well-lighted music-room to practice a difficult passage in trills.

Her splendid voice was rolling in great waves of melody that kept time to the glad beating of her heart, when Mrs. Carscallen sailed in—stately, haughty as an empress in her trained black silk dress, and diamonds gleaming like tremulous rainbows.

Viva glanced up, the smile on her lips frozen at the cold stare it met in return.

"Miss Austin, will you have the goodness to leave the house at once! My daughter Una can dispense with the services of such an immaculate young person as yourself, who boldly makes appointment to meet my son—my son in the bay window of the library. The carriage will take you to the depot in half an hour."

Viva's heart stood still with horror—then, all her proud young blood boiled as she sprung to her feet.

"It is not true! I never made an appointment with your son. How dare you insult me so?"

An icy little laugh scarcely parted Mrs. Carscallen's thin lips.

"That is very good, Miss Austin; I insult you! You, a young person who has deliberately made eyes at Mr. Ernest Carscallen! We need not waste words; you can leave the house at once. A telegram, explaining to your mother, will reach her before you start."

A great anguish flew to Viva's beautiful eyes, then a glow of indignation.

"You cruel, wicked woman! You need not think you can make my mother believe ill of me. I will go, but I will not have your carriage. I would die on the road first."

Her face was all afire, her slight figure trembling like a lily stalk in a gust.

"As you please. You may take your property if you want it."

She threw Ernest's note at her, and the girl's cheek blushed crimson as she picked it up—then she looked straight in Mrs. Carscallen's hard eyes.

"It is mine; your son sent it to me; you doubtless know its contents, and the answer it received. Your son loves me, madam, and you cannot hinder it."

Such an insolent laugh came through Mrs. Carscallen's closed lips.

"You brazen little imp! To think of the return you make me for all I have been doing for you! He loves you, does he? And do you happen to know what the 'love' of a young gentleman of leisure and wealth means?"

Viva's eyes were steady and grave; then, a slow, pitiful pallor crept over her countenance.

"Mrs. Carscallen—you, a mother, to suggest such horror to me, a daughter!"

Her dignity was superb as she walked from the room, up to her own, to pack her trunk and take her leave.

Not to the depot—but straight to the office where she knew Ernest Carscallen would be at that hour for a short time.

He was lounging in a big easy chair when she went in, and an odd smile of surprise and delight crossed his face.

"Why, if it isn't little Viva, so anxious to see me she had to come after me. Sit down, dear."

Viva laid her sachel on the table.

"Mr. Carscallen, your mother has turned me out of doors because—because—she found that note you sent this morning, and she says—"

The smile had faded from his eyes and lips.

"The deuce! my lady mother found it! Viva, what a precious muddle you've got me in!"

Viva's earnest eyes never left his face.

"And because I have told you I loved you, Mr. Carscallen—because I promised to be true, come what might, I have come to ask you to advise me. What shall I do?"

A frown corrugated his forehead.

"Do! I am blessed if I know of any thing but to go home to your mother, and take my advice and burn your notes next time."

A perfect gust of pain swept over her face; he caught the expression, and went on, more tenderly.

"But, if you stay in the city—"

Viva remembered his mother's words and knew for a sick certainty what was coming.

"Mr. Carscallen—hush! Answer me just this. Did you mean what you have been saying these past six weeks when you told me you loved me—did you mean you loved me as an honorable gentleman does?"

A little flush surged over his handsome face.

"Of course I love you, Viva, this minute as well as ever; how could a fellow as susceptible as I help it, with such a dainty, charming little girl always in the house?"

Viva grew paler, and her eyes bigger and brighter.

"Mr. Carscallen, did you intend to make me your wife when you won't my acknowledgment of affection from me?"

Her voice was low, intense and vibrant. Mr. Carscallen laughed uneasily.

"What a child you are! As if a fellow can't kiss a pair of sweet lips without being expected to pay the penalty of marriage!"

She lifted her hand, laughingly.

"That will do, sir. I am only too thankful to have learned your manly sentiments."

She walked quietly from the office, her eyes almost opalescent in their concentrated glow, her lips and face ashen blue, as she went mechanically along the streets to the depot, where she purchased her ticket for home—oh, so pitifully different from the day she had left it.

An hour after, she stepped out on the little platform, her eyes still glowing, her face still white and set, to meet the first installment of Mrs. Carscallen's revenge—to meet insolent glances from the loungers at the station who had been favored with the scathing lily of Mrs. Carscallen's telegram.

It occurred to the girl at the moment, the reason, but she only creased her proud young head the higher, and walked along to the little cottage where lights seemed flashing hurriedly from window to window—where stern faces met hers as she pushed open the door of the sitting-room, to see her pale, fragile mother lying like a broken lily on the lounge, and on the table, where all who chose might read, a telegram, signed Eugenia Carscallen, that said:

"Your daughter has committed an indiscretion that shall be nameless. She has left my roof forever."

Viva's white lips gave a moan that would have melted anything less adamant than those stern, straight-laced women's hearts.

"Do you believe it—does any one of you believe I am what that foul lie insinuates? Does my mother believe it?"

Mrs. Elliott smiled grimly as she raised her ear from Mrs. Austin's chest.

"She'll never tell you whether she believed it or not. She fell as if a lightning-stroke had fallen on her when she read it, and she'll never move again."

Viva stared with haunting, piteous eyes.

"My God! My God! is she dead? And nobody believes me—nobody believes me! Mother, mother—I swear it is a lie! Mother, only tell me you don't believe it!"

She threw herself beside the pale dead face in a pitiful abandon of agony.

Mrs. Elliott's cold, not unkindly tones roused her.

"There's no use taking on like that. She's been delicate a long while—ever since you were away. Get up; I'll see to your room."

Viva struggled slowly up—only to fall imploringly at Mrs. Elliott's feet.

"Tell me you don't believe it! For the love of Heaven give me one kind word, or I shall go mad!"

Mrs. Elliott met the strained agonized eyes calmly, honestly, pityingly.

"You know best yourself if it be true. Others have always said you were pretty high strung. As for me—I will help you if you will promise me to do right in the future."

It was more than all the rest—this answer, but it went like cool steel through Viva's hot brain; she arose calm as death.

"I see—may God forgive you and show you the mercy you have denied me. I will go to my room, if you please."

She stooped and pressed a long kiss on her mother's lips, and went quickly up stairs.

Hours later a low, gentle voice asked of the watchers in the death-chamber if there was any opiate in the house. She could not get to sleep, and her head ached so. Then, she thanked a woman sweetly for a little phial of chloroform handed her, and went back to her room again.

And in the flush of the bright new morning they found her—dead, with the bottle emptied and a pungent odor of its late contents on the close air.

Past suspicion, past heartache, past care and misery. And who can say God was less merciful to the desperate soul than was human judgment!

Romance on the Rail.

II.—How Cap. Lollard Got His First Engine.

BY GUY GLYNDOX.

"I SAY, CAP," called out Bill Davidson, "give the boys the how you got your first engine."

"Oh, sho!" exclaimed Cap, "you've all heard that until it's stale."

"No, no! I've never heard it."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Fire away, Cap. We're as fresh as but-tercups on that lay."

"I reckon there hain't none o' the present company but me that's heard it," ventured Bill, when the other voices had subsided.

"Wal, anything to please the company. If I'm elected for that partic'lar yarn, why that's the one I'm bound to spin. But first, I'll rake

out my fire-box an' heave in a stick or two, jest to keep the machine warm."

"Wal, fellers," he said, "ye see, I was firin' under an engineer what was about as fine as they make 'em. He sported kids an' a ratan an' a plug hat. The only thing whiter'n his vest was his b'iled shirt, with a diamond cluster on the bosom; an' the only thing blacker'n his broadcloth was the all-killin' mustache you ever set eyes on. When he swung into the cab you'd 'a' thought he was the jewell-lataker jinks of all the highcoolorums at head-quarters. He always smelt strong of the barber's shop; an' he wouldn't 'a' took his dainty self off the box if the superintendent's lady had wanted to ride."

"His handle was Jim Talford; an' I s'pose that was as good as any other. Fur his kind o' man, he done his work well enough; anyhow, he didn't spree it when he was on duty; so they paid him his wages an' no fault found."

"O' course he never touched the oil-cup—that wouldn't 'a' gone down with his lavender kids. But there's engineers what crowd the fireman worse'n he did; so, though I never cottoned to him partic'lar, we got along."

"One thing—I always had a sneakin' notion that, though he was so fine and big-feelin', he'd squeal if you got him in a tight pinch. I don't know why. Sometimes them dandy fellers is the very devil on wheels when you put 'em to it; but somehow I didn't think he was one o' that kind."

"Wal, it all went along as fine as a fiddle, until one day a leetle chap with bushy whiskers an' eyes like gimblets come pokin' his nose about. He squeaked at everything, from the toe of the pilot to the couplin'-pin o' the tender. Then he sings out:

"'Hallo! I say, there! can I ride with you?"

"Jim was swingin' of his heels out o' the window. He kept a-pullin' at his cigar an' watchin' of the rings o' smoke, never lookin' at the leetle chap out on the platform, no more'n if he'd been a chipmunk on a log."

"So the stranger he sings out ag'in, steppin' up close to the window:

"'My Christian friend, have you any objections to my riding with you?"

"'Hallo!' says Jim, mighty big-Injinish. 'Did you speak to me?'

"'Yes, sir; I spoke to you,' says the other, kind o' slow, an' squintin' his eyes so's you could scarcely see 'em."

"'Ah,' says Jim, a-tossin' of his cigar-stump over the feller's head. 'An' what do I understand that you said?'

"'I asked if it would be agreeable for you to let me ride with you,' says the leetle man."

"'Oh, I hain't no objections,' says Jim. 'If you pays your money, you kin ride along with me—in the coach, where the other passengers ride.'"

"He thought it a mighty fine joke; but the leetle chap he'd sold only squinted his eyes closer."

"'May I ask who you be?' he says, quietly."

"'Ask away; but don't take up too much time,' says Jim, laughing at his own outeness."

"'Wal, then, who be you, anyway?' says the stranger."

"'Me? Who be I?' says Jim, a-drawin' of himself up, an' lookin' at the leetle chap mighty sharp. 'Wal, I reckon I'm the man what runs this hull machine. When I say go, she goes, an' when I say stop, she stops. Is that plain?'

"'Yes,' says the stranger. 'You're what they call the engineer?'

"'That's just it, to a T,' says Jim. 'Fur onet you've struck the nail plump on the head. An' now, my inquisitive friend, may I ask who you are?'

"'Certainly,' says the stranger, paying him in his own coin."

"'Wal, who air you?' says Jim, 'I'llin' when the laugh was turned on himself."

"'Who am I?' says the leetle feller, fumblin' in his pocket; an' his eyes was like leetle black beads. 'Hyer's my card; an' you kin see fur yourself—if you know how to read.'"

"'With that he pokes a bit o' pasteboard into Jim's paw, an' walks off, as cool as a May mornin'."

"Jim looked at the card! Then he turned the color o' b'iled lobster. Then he looked after the stranger, who was chalkin' it off down the platform, with nothin' in sight but his back an' the whiskers blowin' out both sides of his head. To top off with, Jim cursed an' swore like a pirate."

"I caught sight of the name. It was *our new superintendent!* You bet I was tickled. I was enough to keep me good-natured for two straight weeks. But it wouldn't do fur to have him see me laugh; so I begun chuckin' in wood like a two-year-old."

"Jim was mad, now; an' he put things through that day, ur I'm a liar! The leetle superintendent had busted out both the cylinder heads fur him; an' Jim whaled away, reckless."

"We had gone about forty mile this way, when we come to the bluffs nine mile out o' Cedarburg. The first bluff goes up two hundred an' fifty feet perpendicular; an' the road hugs the foot of it close on a sharp curve, down grade the way we was goin'. Behind the bluff the valley spread out into a sort o' pocket."

"Jim rounded that bend at about thirty-five mile an hour. An', fellers, the ha'r jest began to creep up the back o' my head, when I see what was in that pocket! Seven hundred cord o' wood, piled on both sides of the track, was a-blaazin' away fur keeps, you bet! The wind blew the smoke up the pocket; so we hadn't a minute's warnin'."

Hoss, we was sailin' into a first-class Tophet, an' no mistake; fur seven hundred cord o' wood don't make no fool of a fire, dog my cats if it does!"

"You understand when rails gits hot they expand; an' when they gits too long fur the place they're laid fur they wabble out o' line in almost any direction. I've seen 'em myself as crooked as barrel hoops. An' you understand further, if we got throwed in that there fire, we was booked fur t'other place, sartin sure!"

"Jim sees the hull thing at a flash; an' fur five seconds he sot on the box like a wooden man, whiter'n the bosom of his b'iled shirt. Then he whistled fur brakes like a lunatic, reversed the lever, an' piled out o' the cab winder, end over end, never takin' time to jump, but goin' it blind."

"Wal, fellers, I don't take long to think when you stand a-jokin' straight into Tophet. I knowed I could foller Jim's lead an' jump; but I knowed, too, that that train was goin' to be stalled right in the middle o' that red-hot hell o' fire, if I didn't prevent it."

"I looked down the track. The ties was a-smokin', but the iron wa'n't warped any yet. That didn't count fur much, though, fur the minute the rails felt the weight o' the engine they might warp up in front four feet high; or they might spread anywhere under the train. The least thing might ditch us; an' then—good-by, John!"

"But there was a chance—a mighty slim

one—that we might skin through; an' I put my pile on that chance."

"Jim hadn't much more'n struck the ground, when I jumps over to his side, whistles off the brakes, throws the lever back, an' opens the throttle wide. Fellers, that engine just jumped ahead, like a hoss when you prod him with the spurs. The next minute we was a-kinin' through that fire like a ring-tailed comet!"

"Hot! Jeewhille! you bet it was hot! I squat down